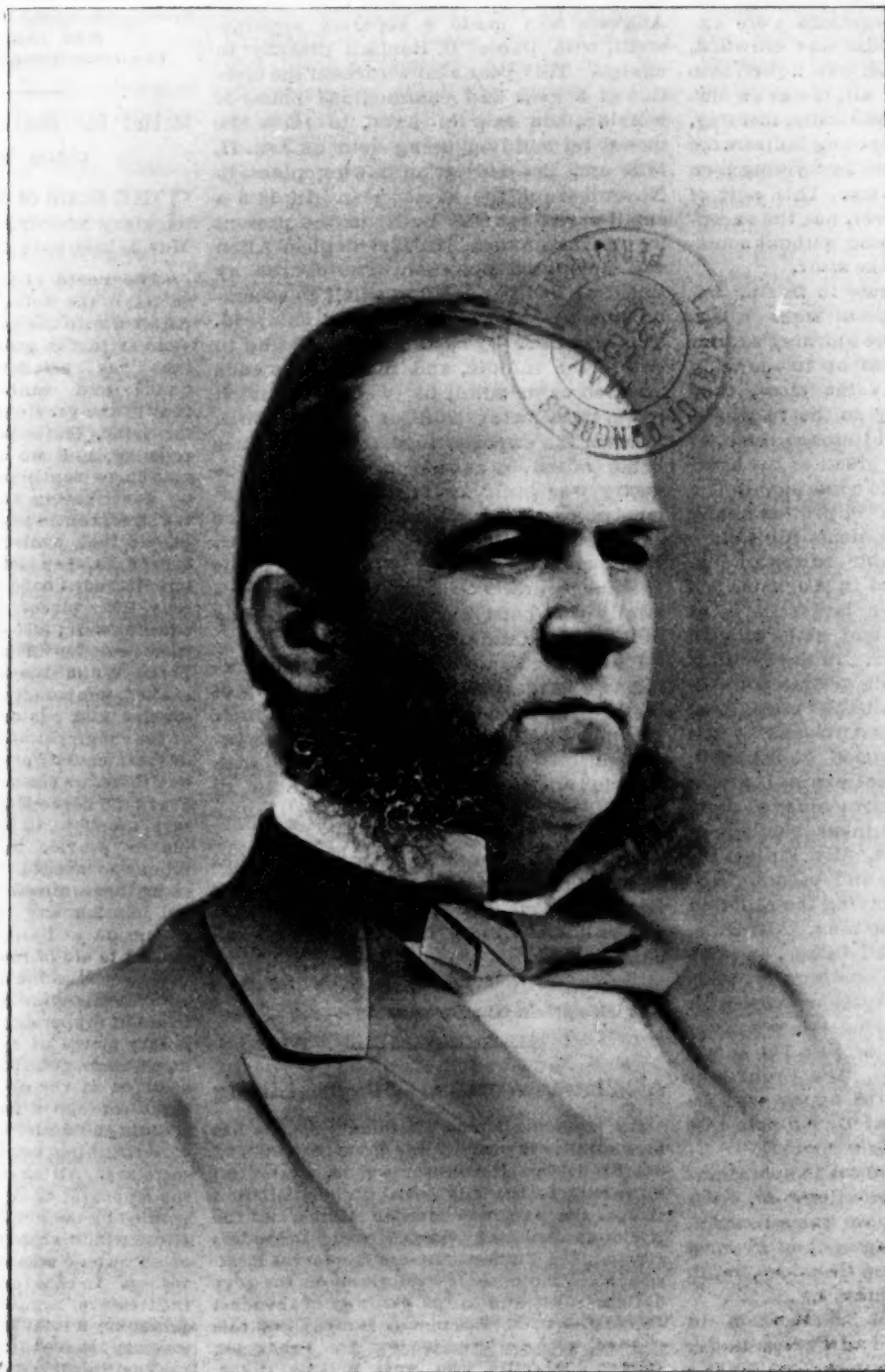


Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1906



THE LATE ALONZO S. WEED

Publisher of ZION'S HERALD, 1871--1898

The Field Secretary's Corner

SUNDAY, April 22, I spent with our church in Augusta, Me., Rev. H. E. Dunnack, pastor. I received the heartiest of welcomes, and was privileged to meet two splendid congregations, who also gave me a most generous response—indeed, the best response of any church thus far visited, so far as the first presentation is concerned: 19 at the morning service and 6 in the evening. While other churches have exceeded the total number of subscriptions, none, I think, have done better in proportion than this wide-awake little church in the capital city of Maine, with its hustling, energetic, very-much-alive young pastor, now on his seventh year and the flood-tide of success. Both congregations were exceptionally large, the house was crowded, the evening congregation overflowed into the gallery, and, best of all, it was an old-fashioned evangelistic Methodist meeting. Six young men and two young ladies were baptized, and at the close two young men came forward for prayers. This sort of service is the rule, however, not the exception, hardly a week passing without somebody seeking pardon at the altar.

Mr. Dunnack is fortunate in having behind him a splendid corps of men. A fine company they are. In the morning service I noticed a dozen or more up in the wing seats at my right. At the close, they quickly made their way to the vestibule, and no young man could escape them, or fail to receive a welcome grasp of the hand and a cordial invitation to come again. In the Sunday school this entire company was gathered in a young men's Bible class under Mr. Thorpe, the able editor of the *Maine Farmer*, published in Augusta. At the same time an even larger class of young ladies filled the end gallery, with Mr. Dunnack as teacher. In the evening service these same young people were in evidence, and gave valuable assistance. Monday evening, I was present at the meeting of the Brotherhood of St. Paul, just organized, and here again I met a splendid company of men, among them several of the older prominent members of the church—Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Fuller, Dr. E. J. Roberts, Dr. Tuell, and others. Apparently this church is solving the problem of how to get hold of the men. Mr. Dunnack is popular among all classes, and has a strong hold upon the community, as is evidenced by the congregations which he draws to hear him. During the past year there have been something like 130 accessions to the membership. The probationers' list numbers 100, to which will be added the eight received by baptism this first Sunday of the Conference year.

Rev. S. H. Beale, an honored superannuate of the East Maine Conference, lives here, and sat with me on the platform. Augusta is also the home of Rev. Francis Grovenor and Rev. Malry Kearney, both brethren beloved in the ministry.

The early history of Methodism in Augusta is a history of struggles under most discouraging embarrassments. While the labor of Methodists in the surrounding country was owned and blessed of God, Augusta for a long time remained unmoved by their influence. The first Methodist preacher who visited Augusta was Epaphras Kibby, who, on invitation of some of the prominent people of Augusta, preached in the old "Thomas House" on the east side of the river, in 1800. In 1802 we find Augusta included in a circuit which extended from Gardiner to Bloomfield, with all the intervening towns on the Kennebec. In that year Japheth Beale, a native of Bridgewater, Mass., moved to

Augusta. He immediately joined the Methodist class, and was soon appointed leader. A second class was formed in 1807, with Elihu Robinson as leader. In 1808 Mr. Robinson was appointed the first class-leader in Hallowell village, the class being called the "Hook class." Up to 1810 there was no preaching in Augusta, except occasionally in the evening. The first quarterly meeting was held in the old Court House, in the latter part of 1810, while the love feast was held in the cabinet shop of Robinson & Beale. From this time till 1827 the Town House was the place of irregular preaching by the preachers on the Hallowell circuit; but in 1828 Augusta was made a separate appointment, with Daniel B. Randall preacher in charge. This year also witnessed the erection of a neat and commodious house of worship, the sale of pews, to raise the money for building, being held on Jan. 17, 1828, and the dedication taking place in November of the same year. In 1846 a small parsonage was built on the present lot on Green Street. In 1848 Stephen Allen was appointed preacher. The church by this time had become too small to accommodate the people, and it was enlarged. This was done by cutting the building in two in the middle, and moving the ends apart so as to admit of twenty additional pews, these being sold for nearly enough to cover the expense incurred, the balance being raised by subscription. In 1857 the vestry was built under the church. Extensive repairs were again made on the church during the pastorate of Rev. I. G. Ross, while the pleasant and commodious parsonage now occupied by the pastor's family was built during the incumbency of Rev. C. S. Cummings.

Plans are now under contemplation looking to an enlargement and remodeling of the present edifice to accommodate their growing work. A beautiful organ was installed some two years ago, and this, with a fine choir under the leadership of Mr. A. D. Russell, renders efficient service both in the morning and evening.

Mr. Dunnack entered most enthusiastically into the canvass with me, and, as a result, we have now a list of 80 names into whose homes ZION'S HERALD will go the coming year.

F. H. MORGAN.

36 Bromfield St., Boston.

A Cloud with a Silver Lining

The Woman's Home Missionary Society has been sorely afflicted by the great calamity at San Francisco. It owns three good, substantial properties in the city—the Chinese Mission Home, the Japanese Mission Home, and the National Training School and Deaconess Home. The Chinese Mission Home was located at 912 Washington Street, right on the edge of Chinatown, and in the pathway of the most destructive fires. The newspapers say that this is gone, and we tremble for the twenty-six women and girls who were in this Home. They were guarded with the greatest care to keep them from the life of the slave-den, and wicked men and wicked lawyers were constantly devising ways to ensnare them.

The Japanese Home sheltered Japanese girls who came to the United States to study, or to engage in some gainful occupation. This has a fine new building only partially paid for, purchased within a few months by the Japanese committee, of which Mrs. Bishop Hamilton is the energetic and devoted chairman. There has been a large loss on this building, for it, too, lay straight in the pathway of the fire.

The silver lining to the dark cloud gleamed on us when a telegram came from Dr. Willis, president of the National Training School.

reading: "All escaped uninjured; building slightly damaged. Crisis passed, desolation indescribable." The Training School is the largest property owned by the Woman's Home Missionary Society in San Francisco. It is valued at \$32,000, and is well located to reach easily all parts of the city. President Roosevelt issued his call for aid, and indicated that such aid could well be sent through the Red Cross Association, where no other organizations are available.

We are glad to announce to all who would like their donations of staple foods, clothing or money to be distributed by the deaconesses of Methodism, that they can send at once to the president of the Training School and Deaconess Home. As this building stands intact (although repairs may be necessary), it can be used as headquarters for our Methodist relief. All who desire to avail themselves of this Christian agency are invited to address Rev. Dr. E. R. Willis, president of National Training School, 129 Haight St., San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. JANE BANCROFT ROBINSON,
Chairman Training School Com. W. H. M. S.

Relief for Methodism in San Francisco and Vicinity

THE Board of Managers of the Missionary Society, at a special meeting held May 1, 1906, took the following action:

"The Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church sympathizes with the citizens of San Francisco and vicinity in the great and appalling calamity that has befallen them through earthquake and conflagration. We are sure that in the generous gifts made by the public for relief, Methodists have been largely represented, and we urge the members of our church to continue to cooperate generously by contributing to the general fund while the stress continues. But we would remind our people that, while contributing to the general relief fund, they should not neglect the needs of our Methodist congregations who have lost not only their places of worship, but private fortunes as well; also of our pastors who have lost their personal effects and are left without support. While the church edifices are being erected, temporary places of worship must be secured and pastors must be supported. Most of the congregations that have suffered the loss of their church property were self supporting, and therefore cannot be aided from the contingent fund of the Missionary Society. It is necessary, therefore, to call upon our Methodist people to provide by special contributions the money so needed. The corresponding secretaries have already called for special aid without naming any sum. The Board of Church Extension at Philadelphia has made a call for \$250,000, to aid in rebuilding houses of worship, parsonages, and mission property.

"This Board names the sum of at least \$25,000 to aid in supporting pastors and providing temporary places of worship, including missions, furnishings, running expenses, etc. This fund shall be at the disposal of this Board of Managers through a committee consisting of the standing committee on Domestic Missions, the corresponding secretaries, and the recording secretary. All applications for aid must have the approval of a local committee to be appointed by the Preachers' Meeting of San Francisco, which shall consist of an equal number of ministers and laymen, and by the resident Bishop. In case the emergency shall require it, the treasurer is authorized to advance sums not exceeding a total of \$5,000, to be returned to the treasury from contributions for the relief fund.

"The Preachers' Meeting of Pittsburg, at its session held on the 30th ult., passed the following resolution: 'Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that there be but one fund for the relief of our preachers, people, and property in San Francisco, and that it should be distributed by one group of persons, and that Dr. A. B. Leonard be requested to carry this action to the Missionary Board at their special meeting.'

"In response to this request, the Board suggests that the contributing congregations respectively should determine, through their official boards, how their gifts shall be applied. All remittances for relief of pastors and expenses of places of worship, etc., should be remitted to Homer Eaton, treasurer, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York. Special receipts will be returned which may be credited to pastoral charges on their missionary collections after their apportionments are fully met."

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CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor

GEORGE E. WHITAKER, Publisher

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

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British Trades Union Wealth

THE number of separate trades unions known to the British Board of Trade is 1,148. The General Federation of Trades Unions consists of 91 associations with 396,226 members. When employment has declined, the membership of the unions has fallen off, decreasing from 1,940,874 at the end of 1901 to 1,866,755 at the end of 1904. Of the 1,866,755 members, 125,094, or 6.7 per cent., are women and girls, who as a class show little tendency to increase their membership. During the ten years 1895 to 1904 the working expenses of the unions have never been less than 16.5 per cent., and in 1899 rose to 25.8. Unemployed benefits in 1904 cost as high as 31.7 per cent., while disputes cost in 1897 as much as 34.6. Sickness, accident, superannuation and other "benefits" cost 49.7 per cent. in 1899, and 31.6 in 1897. But the accumulated funds rose in 1904 to \$23,081,150 — about \$20 per member, more than twice as much as in 1895. With the passage by Parliament, as is likely, of more favorable legislation, the cause of trades unionism in England will probably be still more accelerated.

Americans Win at Olympic Games

THE Olympic games, just celebrated at Athens, have proved a great success for the American competitors, who, according to the official list, have taken eleven firsts, six seconds, and five thirds out of twenty-nine events, in many of which, however, the Americans did not compete. Among the contests in which an American stood first was the free style discus throwing, 100 metres swimming race, standing broad jump, 1500 metres walking match, 400-metres running race, 1500 metres running race, 800 metres running race, standing high jump, and hurdles. The Olympic games came to an end with the famous Marathon race, run before an assemblage that totaled 200,000 persons. While it was a source of disappointment to many that the United States did not carry off the first honors in that contest, the race yet fell to an American, William Sherring, of Canada, being the first to finish, who covered the twenty-six miles in 2 hours, 51 minutes, and 24 seconds.

olds. The official timing gives it as "23 35 seconds," but that seems almost an affectation of exactitude. The contestants in this race spent the night before the contest at the residence in Marathon of Foreign Minister Skouzes. The finish was in the stadium at Athens, before the King and Queen of Greece. America won the championship of all the games, with a total of 75½ points. Great Britain with its colonies was credited with 36 points, Sweden with 26, Greece with 27½, Hungary with 13, and Austria with 12.

Growth of the Banana Trade

IT is some forty years, so the story goes, since a Yankee skipper, by the name of Bush, visiting the Greater Antilles, and finding no other cargo, loaded up his schooner with bananas, which would "do for ballast, anyway." That was the beginning of the banana trade, which imports into the United States ten millions of bunches annually. Bush, the enterprising skipper, was lost at sea, but he was followed by Captain L. D. Baker, who finally became the head of a great fruit company. As a result of the stimulation of the banana trade, American money now circulates freely in the British West Indies, and in that coin the islands pay tribute to Great Britain. Today a great "trust" controls two thirds of the entire banana output of Central America, Cuba, San Domingo and Jamaica, sends its ships to undersell competitors in any port where rival ships enter, and compels all purchasers of bananas on the streets of American cities to pay tribute to its greed. The bananas for the most part are shipped in swift, well ventilated steamers, built especially for that trade, and forwarded in fruit cars all over the United States. The bold venture of Skipper Bush has now developed into a ramified industry which has proved a huge success.

Statistics of German Universities

DURING the recent winter the total number of students matriculated at the German universities was 42,390 — an increase of 2,574 over the preceding year, and an increase of nearly 154 per cent. over the number thirty years ago. The number of foreign students is also increasing. This past winter it was about eight per cent. of the whole, by far the greatest number of such students coming from Russia, while the percentage from America exceeds that of any other non European country. The increase of law students is quite notable. These now comprise more than 28 per cent. of the whole, and far outnumber any other class. Students in philosophy, science and mathematics have also doubled in number. On the other hand, there has

been a remarkable and not easily explicable decline in the study of medicine. It is interesting to observe that the number of women students is increasing. They are regularly matriculated at Munich, Heidelberg, Freiburg, Erlangen, Tübingen and Würzburg, and at those universities the number last winter was 138, while at Berlin, Bonn, Göttingen, and elsewhere 1,769 women students registered simply as "visitors." These changes, especially in law and medicine, have an intimate relation to the national development of the empire itself. The attention that formerly was given to medicine, when German politics was largely a negligible quantity, is now, in view of the great development of civic activities in Germany, bestowed on economic, political and international questions. In due time the study of medicine may assert its rights again.

Large Ships on the Lakes

SINCE the days of Fenimore Cooper it has been well known that the Great Lakes, while not oceanic, afford the conditions of exciting and often perilous seaman ship; but for a long time the Lake shipping has been inferior both in quantity and build. It is only of late years that, with the expansion of the industries established about the great inland seas, the demand for enormous steel-built cargo carriers has been felt and supplied. It cannot be said that the craft on the Great Lakes are very handsome in appearance. Most of them, especially the "whale-backs," are preposterous from an esthetic point of view, but they manage to do a vast amount of transportation work at comparatively low cost. A steamer, named the "J. Pierpont Morgan," has just been launched at South Chicago for the United States Steel Corporation, which will in some of her dimensions compare favorably with the large transatlantic ships. The new vessel, which is 600 feet long, 58 feet beam, and 32 feet deep, and will carry some 12,000 tons of cargo, is one of four sister ships being constructed for the Steel Trust. In depth this vessel is exceeded by many ocean steamers, as 32 feet is not the extreme depth for deep sea ships. The depth of steamers on the Lakes is limited by the amount of water in the Sault Canal, which, over the sills of the great Poe lock, is but 22 feet. There will probably always be a difference in the type of ship constructed for ocean and for lake navigation.

Agitation for Postal Savings Banks

THE postal savings bank system, which originated in England, has now been established in all the British colonies, as well as in Italy and Holland. These banks have had for their purpose the en-

couragement of thrift among the poorer classes by furnishing a governmental depository that would be within the reach of all, offering perfect security for the largest as well as the smallest sums. The sum of \$1,000,000,000 today represents the amount invested in these public institutions of Great Britain and Ireland. In 1855 there were but 300 such offices, wherein 135 people deposited in all £1,000. Today there are 14,362 post-office savings banks in the United Kingdom, with 9,403,852 depositors, and a sum of \$730,675,735 to the credit of the Department. This shows that one person in about every four in Great Britain and Ireland makes deposits in these banks, the average amount deposited being about \$75. The advantages to the public are perfect security from loss, convenience of making deposits, ease of repayment, safety against personation and fraud, prevention of poverty by the development of thrift, and the education of the young and untrained in the knowledge of the use and management of money. It is not strange, in view of these advantages, that the agitation for the establishment of postal savings banks in the United States should have grown more active.

Education Bill Rouses Britons

MR. BIRRELL, the new Minister of Education in England, has a great task imposed upon him — a task which more than a generation ago baffled the "strenuous yeomanry" of Mr. Forster, and quite recently has baffled Mr. Balfour with all his philosophic acumen, namely, the problem of settling national education upon national lines. What with the intolerance of the Church of England, the greed of the Romanists, the sometimes obstinacy of the Dissenters, and the regardless secularism of the Laborites, the prospect of soon passing any measure which will attain ideal national ends in education in Great Britain is not very bright. The Birrell bill, which has now been introduced into Parliament, is in the nature of a religious compromise, and while it affords "extended facilities" for denominational religious teaching, has failed to satisfy the inordinate demands of the Roman Catholic Church in England, which through Cardinal Vaughan has served notice on the Irish Nationalists that they must oppose the new measure. For the benefit of the Romanists and the Hebrews a "four-fifths" provision has been inserted in the bill, which, in cases where four-fifths of the parents of children attending the school desire the privilege, permits that religious instruction may be given, not at the public expense, for a half-hour daily, in the buildings of the voluntary or the church schools, which will then become "public elementary schools." The "four-fifths" fraction seems rather arbitrary, and it is just here that the Birrell bill may disclose its special weakness. The question before the Liberal leaders is not an academic one, but simply the bald inquiry: "What will satisfy the country, and work?" In settling the problem of religious instruction in church schools to be taken over by the Government logical absurdities have no weight, but the ques-

tion resolves itself solely into the practical problem as to what sort of a compromise Parliament may be induced to vote for and the country be willing to endure.

New Ministry in Russia

THE Witte Cabinet in Russia has fallen, its defeat being generally attributed to the bad effect produced on the people by the published draft of the "fundamental laws," against which the press unanimously protested. M. Witte is accused by his detractors with being a reactionary in disguise, while he himself protests that his downfall was due to his refusal to follow the policy of M. Durnovo, and that he has always been the real protector of liberalism against reaction. It is quite likely that M. Witte of late has been pursuing the policy of opportunism, albeit of the constructive type, and just now, in the disturbed state of Russian affairs it has come to be another man's turn to find his opportunity. That man happens to be M. Goremykin, who becomes Premier at the head of a mediocre cabinet, while M. Witte may still be retained by the Czar in the position of adviser, or possibly of president of the council. M. Goremykin is not rated as a statesman of the highest order, but he has begun well by issuing a statement declaring that the Government has "the full, honorable intention of carrying through the idea of national representation with all that it implies," that the "misfortune" of having to dissolve parliament is not anticipated, and that the Government's purpose will be to work with parliament. The Constitutional Democrats by their proceedings so far justify the expectation that parliament will be animated by a desire to devote itself to useful work, and that it will do its best to avoid any conflict with the Government.

President Roosevelt on Standard Oil

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT last Friday sent to Congress a characteristically vigorous message, accompanying the report of Commissioner Garfield on the operations of the Standard Oil Company, in which he sharply criticised the methods of that huge concern, which he declares are largely unfair and unlawful, crushing out home competition. Most of the facts set forth by Commissioner Garfield, the President says, are undisputed, and show that the Standard Oil Company had benefited enormously by secret rates, partly at the expense of the railroads, but to a greater degree at the cost of the public. The refusal of railroads to prorate also works in favor of the "trust," and gives it in New England an absolute monopoly. Similar conditions prevail in a large part of the West and Southwest. President Roosevelt advocates as a measure of competition the placing of alcohol used in the arts and manufactures on the free list. He suggests that no oil or coal lands held by the Government or in territory owned by Indians should be alienated. He also advocates enlarged powers for the Interstate Commerce Commission, by which records of railroads may be examined and action taken to prevent secret rates and discriminations. He

points out that the sugar "trust," as well as the Standard Oil Company, is an offender. The beneficial results of the investigation, it is stated, already are seen in the abandonment by many railroads of secret rates. The officials of the Standard Oil have issued a long and sarcastic statement, denying the truth of Commissioner Garfield's criticisms, and flatly denying that that company has been or is now engaged in practices which are unlawful. The U. S. Senate, however, has supported the President in his contention that Standard Oil must be regulated, adopting by a unanimous vote on Friday the Lodge amendment placing the Standard Oil Company under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

International Postal Reform

THE International Postal Convention, which recently met at Rome, has disappointed expectations in failing to recommend the adoption of a universal two-cent postal rate, which is the ultimate goal toward which those interested in postal reform are pressing. The Postmaster General for New Zealand made a motion that a two-cent rate should be established, the Postmaster-General of Egypt seconded the motion, and the representative of the United States supported it. A though the combination supporting the proposition was quite a strong one — New Zealand and the United States, both new countries, ranging themselves on the side of reform — the motion was rejected, Germany's opposition, based on the fact that her revenues for the past two years had not kept pace with her expenditures, being strong, while an indisposition was manifest by the representatives of other Powers to try any radical postal experiments at present. A motion, however, did carry, effecting a reduction from five cents to two cents on each additional unit of postage over the first, so that a letter which before cost ten cents will now cost seven, and what was fifteen will be nine. There is no function of Government in which the people at large take a greater interest than in the postal service, which touches them all the time at every point; and it is a fair question whether the machinery of that branch of the Government cannot be so adjusted or enlarged as to permit of the freer circulation of postal material both within and without the borders of the United States without adding anything to the net cost of the administration of the Post Office Department.

Agreement of Operators and Miners

ANTHRACITE miners have consented to continue the award of the strike commission, this new agreement to remain in force three years. All miners who have not committed violence against persons or property are to be taken back. The men will return to work as soon as practicable. This constitutes, in effect, the first proposition of the operators offered in March last, and is the first general agreement ever signed between operators and miners. The month's suspension of work in the mines is estimated to have cost \$16,000,000.

GENERAL CONFERENCE of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South "FRATERNITAS."

THE greater part of the membership of the present General Conference at Birmingham, Ala., is composed of

New Men.

There has been a swing of the pendulum away from the perpetuation of antiquities. By this term we mean no reflection upon the great body of men who have comprised every Conference held in the history of our sister church, but to a small minority who insisted upon Methodism being traditional before all things else. This minority, we are led to believe from reliable sources, has

ism. These men are cosmopolites. They see things in large relations. Methodism with them is too big to be bounded by Jerusalem, New Orleans, Judea, Georgia, Samaria, or Texas. Its boundary lines are the uttermost parts of the earth. This universal viewpoint they and their coworkers have communicated to the entire church. It is not believable that this Conference will retrograde from their advanced position. Marc Antony said of the flowing wounds of Cæsar: "From them great Rome shall suck reviving blood." Of the aggressive leadership of the Southern Church we are disposed to affirm, American Methodism shall suck reviving blood.

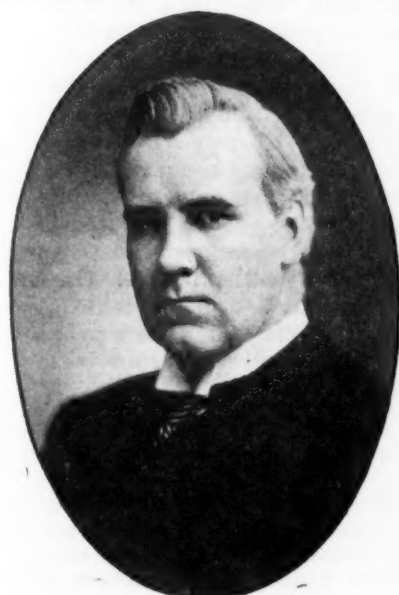
We are not anticipating too much when we expect from the floor of the Conference utterances of the most progressive quality from such new men as Dr. McMurry of the St. Louis Conference, Dr. John M. Moore of the North Texas Conference, Drs. W. J. Young and R. H. Bennett, from the Virginia Conference. These men have a reputation for outlook that is worthy of emulation; and men of their stamp have the body of the Conference, so we are informed, in sympathy with their points of view. And it is whispered in almost audible tones that some of the above young members may be called upon to bear some blushing honors in the way of connectional offices. Their service, we are sure, would be both extensive and intensive.

Progress Made

The well-informed man knows that Southern Methodism is doing something more than marking time. Not only are they marching, but they are doing in some respects what Julius Cæsar delighted in doing—making forced marches. Their powers of action and endurance have been put to the proof in divers directions. For instance, the *Epworth Era*, under the editorship of Dr. H. M. DuBose, has increased within a few years' time its subscription list from 4 000 to an excess of 30,000. The Sunday-school work of the church, under the aggressive leadership of Drs. Atkins, Hamill, and Beatty, has gained in the past year 33,000 scholars, making the total Sunday-school membership of the church an excess of 1,000,000, which is about two thirds the membership of the church. This showing is superior. The gain in church membership is most gratifying. In 1905 a net gain was made of 32,000 members, making the total church membership an excess of 1 600,000. In benevolence the church has gone forward.

For foreign missions the contributions in 1905 were \$359,500—a gain over the preceding year of \$27,900. For home missions the contributions were \$228,000—a gain of \$6,000 over the year before. Dr. J. J. Tigert, editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and the church statistician, declares: "The grace of liberality abounds in our church."

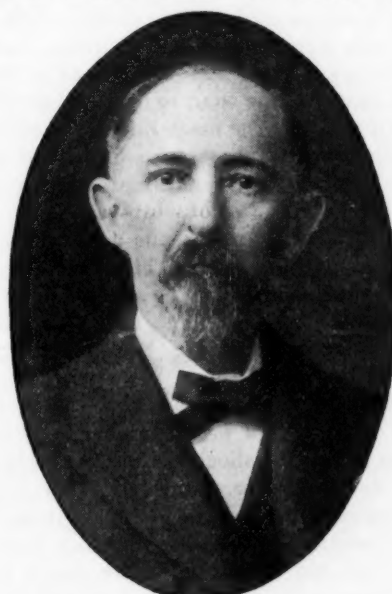
By no means is Methodism a decadent element in our national or international life. It is abounding in life. The blessing of God rests upon this branch of Protestantism. At no time has Divine favor been withdrawn from the church which issued from the prayers and pungent preaching of John Wesley, Charles Wesley, George Whitefield, John Fletcher, and their collaborators. We have no occasion to take up our abode under the juniper tree.



REV. W. F. MCMURRY, D. D.
Pastor Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church,
South, St. Louis

been largely eliminated from the Birmingham Conference. The New South is something more than a catch-penny phrase at this hour of observation. It is a potent fact. Everywhere in the Southland things are moving. Stagnation is a thing of the past. And the brethren of the Southern Church are also moving.

The leadership of such men in the episcopal office as Bishops Galloway, Hendrix, Candler, Hoss and Smith, has placed Southern Methodism in the position to which it belongs in American Protestant-



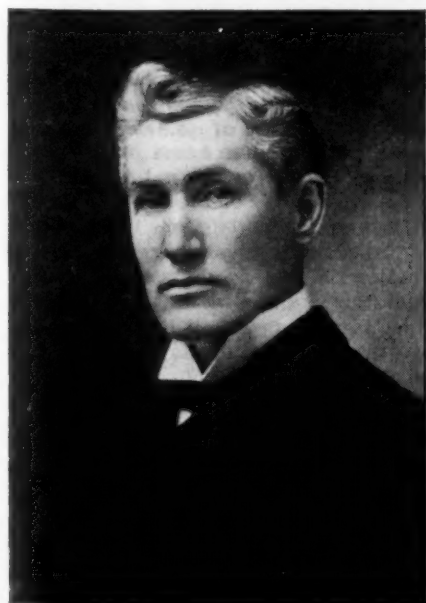
REV. L. R. W. C. LOVETT
Editor *Wesleyan Christian Advocate*, Atlanta,
Georgia

Rather we are warranted in calling upon the sun, moon, stars, winds, rocks, seas, birds, beasts and all peoples to unite with us in the province of God. The Lord has dealt bountifully with us and in many instances made our cup to run over.

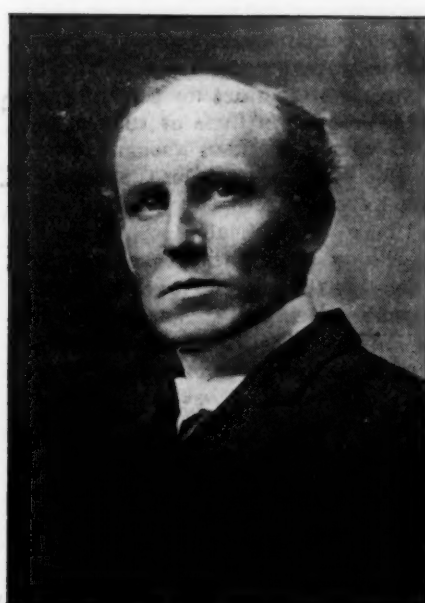
Education

The Methodists of the South have always had great educational leaders. Men of the breadth of vision and profoundness of thought of Bishops A. G. Haygood, H. N. McTyeire, Chancellor Landon C. Garland,

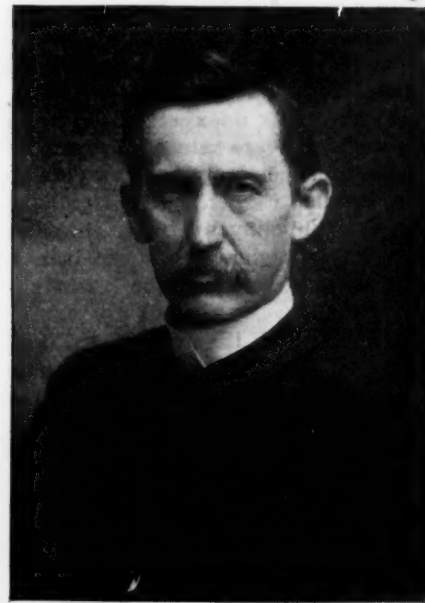
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REV. JOHN M. MOORE, PH. D.
Pastor First Methodist Episcopal Church,
South, Dallas, Texas



REV. DR. JOHN C. KILGO
President of Trinity College, Durham, N. C.



REV. JAMES ATKINS, D. D.
Editor *Sunday-school Publications of Church*,
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TEST OF THE UNEXPECTED

ONE of the most subtle tests to which human faith and fortitude can be subjected is the test of the unexpected. It often happens that one has carefully and confidently prepared himself for a certain course of events, seemingly inevitable, or so probable as to render any other expectation of the future a reasonably negligible quantity, when suddenly all is changed, and he is brought face to face with unexpected and perhaps bewildering and discouraging conditions. Everything must be readjusted; plans must be changed, new provision made for new demands; the prepared-for course of action must be abandoned, and an entirely different path struck out at once through new difficulties. There are few things in life more discouraging than to be unexpectedly switched off the main line on to some branch track that we never dreamed of before, that is utterly strange to us, and that leads we know not whither.

Yet this is by no means a rare occurrence in a human life. The test of the unexpected is liable to be applied to any one of us at any moment, and it is wise to frequently entertain the possibility of it in our thoughts. We should not suffer ourselves to live in such indifference, or in such a presumptuous sense of security, that the shock of the unexpected may demoralize or unman us. This is a real danger, and one that seriously threatens Christian faith and Christian fortitude. In our spiritual life we ought to anticipate with more or less of definite preparedness the vicissitudes that have overtaken others, and that are apt at any time to overtake us.

How often do we hear some one who has been suddenly stricken by affliction say, "I can hardly believe it! I never thought it possible that God would suffer such a blow to fall upon me." It is upon such souls that the test of the unexpected falls with crushing force. Why not you, confident soul, as well as another? There are no personal exemptions in life, based upon the trustful egotism of special favor with God. These souls that have set themselves apart as exceptional are the very ones that the test of the unexpected is likeliest to overwhelm. The spirit rests and intrenches itself in peace and prosperity — and God calls upon it to suffer and sacrifice. In the soul's unpreparedness, the shock of this unexpected test often paralyzes and overwhelms. The cry of querulous and accusing complaint goes up to the Infinite Father, and the child of God who could cling to Him in the calm of life, lets go when the storm comes, and is swept away by the great billows.

And not only in the great vicissitudes of life, but in events of less terrible stress and significance, is the test of the unexpected a difficult one to meet. It discloses, perhaps better than any other of the disciplines of life, the soul-stuff that makes the true Christian. "To walk when we intended to run," says a thoughtful writer, "to work when we intended to play, to give out when we intended to take in, to labor when we intended to rest, to postpone when we expected to achieve, and to do these things gladly and willingly for God and

love's sake — that is to meet the requirements of the Christ life."

It takes a sturdy and consecrated spirit to do all this — to be cheerful and brave and hopeful in the testing-time, to be loyal to the love that disciplines, to cling to the bosom that heaves with the unspeakable sorrow of necessary punishment. The meeting of life's everyday disappointments in the right spirit is an almost unfailing evidence of true consecration. To turn cheerfully from the self-chosen path into the God-chosen path, shows the spirit of the true and loyal follower.

None is more faithful than he who uniformly meets the test of the unexpected with courage and willingness and unruffled optimism. "The way Thou leadest, that is best." No one is wholly consecrated who cannot say that. No one is fit for heaven's triumphs who cannot stand the test of earth's disappointments.

ROOSEVELT THE "RADICAL"

A GOOD many people profess to be surprised at the radical utterances of Theodore Roosevelt, as if he had ever been anything else but a radical. Theodore Roosevelt has been a politician and a radical during all of his public life. He used to be called, in disparagement, a "reformer," until that title became a kind of stock term of the new politics. It is true that his radicalism has increased with every year of public life. He is a man of tremendous mental activity, though not a deep man intellectually, and is very anxious, having a high ethical purpose, to do something to alleviate the many ills from which the public is suffering. Moreover, he wants to do that something quick. He is forever charging up the San Juan hill of political difficulty. This is not sensationalism for its own sake, but it creates a sensation, just as a battle charge does. Hence it is that all these years Theodore Roosevelt has maintained his "news value" — although some of the cheap prints that have used him most have abused him most carelessly and malignantly. It has been justly said of Mr. Roosevelt that he "has been analyzed and dissected and interpreted impartially, foolishly, fondly, maliciously, and without end." It is true that he has an instinct for publicity, and there is probably a little of the Custer as well as of the Sheridan about him.

In Roosevelt the crusader the American public have a superb type of man. It is true that a high official of that tone and temper may sometimes make mistakes; but does not the selfish, time serving man also make mistakes? And which blunders are worst, those of unselfish abandon or of consuming self seeking? It is a fact that Theodore Roosevelt often tries to take short cuts to great ends, and if he makes a mistake it is in underrating the time-factor in big improvements. The American people are in too much of a hurry about many things to be in a hurry about the most important things, and it takes time to educate the public mind and conscience to an appreciation of the worth of great moral ideas when those ideas are new. Mr. Roosevelt has been obliged to drop tariff revision and federal

control of insurance, but he has taken up railroad-rate regulation with ardor, and now has launched, from his busy, plan-building brain, the project of a progressive tax on all great fortunes. All these projects have been well described as "the by-products of a mentality that operates with almost terrific rapidity."

The President has certainly adopted doctrines far in advance of his party, and is casting aside some of the old dogmas of Republicanism. He is a kind of non-sectetic John the Baptist crying, not in the wilderness, but in the midst of the marts and forums: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord of righteousness." He is energetic rather than enigmatical, simple rather than deep, both diffusive and intensive, high minded always, quick-speaking generally, a man of the people while above the people, with qualities that suggest Lincoln afar off, and Garrison near by. Honesty has always been his trade-mark, and honor is still his due. He is willing not only to sacrifice his enemies for the sake of his friends, but even to make enemies of his friends for the sake of a great principle. His influence represents a distinctly tonic quality in American life, and those who criticize him would better bestir themselves in the effort to do better.

Ministers' Children

THE Right Reverend Bishop Welldon has been looking into this subject, so far as Great Britain is concerned, and publishes his remarkable conclusions in the February number of the *Nineteenth Century*. They are worth noting, even on this side the Atlantic, for they have a general bearing, and conditions here are not essentially different in this matter, we judge, from what they are there. One of his objects is to show that a State cannot afford to lose the virtue and noble strength of its clerical homes; that if celibacy had been enforced among Protestants, as it has among Romanists, the loss to the nation would have been irreparable; that, indeed, no single source can compare with the ministerial in its contribution to the learning and honor and energy of the nation.

He has taken that splendid literary monument, the Dictionary of National Biography, in 66 volumes, and confined himself to the centuries succeeding the Reformation, during which the Protestant clergy have been allowed to marry. What is the result? The names which he has marked as worthy of remembrance for services performed in some of the many aspects of the life of the nation are 1,270. These consist solely of those whose fathers were ministers of religion, ignoring remoter descendants and relatives. In contrast with this he finds that the children of lawyers and of doctors who have attained prominence in all English history, before the Reformation as well as since, have been respectively 510 and 350, or 860 taken together for the two professions in all the centuries. He shows, also, that the amazing superiority for clergymen's sons has not been merely in numbers, but in degree and quality. It is impossible here to cite very many of the names which he quotes, but they stand at or near the top in all walks of life. O: bishops and archbishops, great numbers; also John and Charles Wesley, Dean Stanley, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, John Keble, F. D. Maurice, Matthew Henry, Mansel, Lightfoot, Lardner, Paley; Thomas Clarkson,

Granville Sharp; Dugald Stewart, Hobbes, Reid, Cudworth, Thomas H. Green, Henry Sidgwick; Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Christopher Wren; Abercrombie, Abernethy, Jenner, Sir Charles Bell; Admiral Nelson, Cecil Rhodes, Lord Curzon; Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Cowper, Tennyson, Hallam, Robertson, Froude, Charles Kingsley, Addison, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Oliver Goldsmith, Matthew Arnold, etc. It is a wonderful list, and might be largely paralleled on this side the ocean, if any one would take pains to look it up as exhaustively. The author's contention is certainly well proved that celibacy of the clergy would mean a very serious impoverishment of the national life.

The "Tactology" of Soul-Winning

A RECENT number of the *Baptist of London* contains a review of a volume just issued by Dr. William H. Young on the general subject of "Tactology." By "tactology" the author means "the science of tactics for soldiers of the cross, or personal work reduced to a science." The name also, he remarks, suggests tact, which must form an important factor in all dealing with individuals. The *Baptist* observes that as the etymology of tactics and tact is entirely different, Dr. Young would have done better to adopt one or the other as the title of his book. It is doubtful whether soul-winning can ever be reduced to a "science." On the other hand, such work need not be unscientific, that is, pursued in a thoughtless, haphazard, tactless, crude way, outraging all the laws of etiquette and of psychology at the same time. There are times to speak the word out of season—that is, out of what man considers to be a seasonable juncture, but which the Holy Spirit may suggest as the appropriate time for some Philip to run and speak to an Ethiopian. But oftener, perhaps, the word of soul-winning import will be spoken in season—either a season which offers itself most evidently and opportunely for just such a ministry, as in time of financial loss or bereavement, or in a season which the worker has himself prepared, by previous approaches or addresses, for just such an appeal. There is, of course, danger of sounding a too mechanical note in the discussion of soul-winning, and of becoming too enamored of the catchy phrases of a pretentious "new psychology" (much of which is as old as Aristotle); but at the same time there is need for tact (not to use the clumsy word "tactology"), and a call all the time and in every place for alertness, courage, study of types of character, adaptation of the Christian message, and infinite patience in holding forth the Word of Life within reach of perishing men.

Dogmatic Scientists

IT has been well said, with respect to the often exaggerated claims put forth in the name of "science," that is, of what ought properly to be called physical science, that while science may be trustworthy in its own sphere, it cannot become authoritative in matters of religion, since "the eagle cannot rise above the atmosphere in which it flies." Science sometimes disappoints us even in its own sphere. As the *Baptist of London* says, much that was science in medicine yesterday is superstition today. In astronomy Ptolemy gives place to Copernicus and Galileo. So much of the knowledge of the day may be regarded tomorrow as myth or superstition.

"We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow,
No doubt our wiser sons will think us so."

All this is not said to discredit research or to paralyze the intellectual nerve, but to moderate the dogmatism of men who as scientists or "all around thinkers" talk more than they think, and incidentally abuse religion in the interest of their own pet superstitions or prejudices.

DEATH OF ALONZO S. WEED

WE were inexpressibly shocked to learn of the death of the former publisher of this paper, on Wednesday evening, May 3, of whose illness we had received no intimation. He had returned only the week before from Atlantic City, his last stopping place on his way from the South. It had been his custom, since his retirement from the *HERALD*, to avoid our inclement winters and trying springs by spending a few months each year in the sunny Southland. On his arrival at his home in Newton, he did not appear quite as strong as usual, but went to Boston on Friday and Saturday. Monday a cold and feverishness developed, and a nurse was installed; but he was up and dressed Tuesday morning. Increased fever in the afternoon sent him to bed, and in twenty-four hours he passed peacefully away, his heart not being equal to the strain of the developing pneumonia.

In our 75th anniversary number, issued Sept. 7, 1898, we surprised Mr. Weed by presenting his portrait to our readers, and by saying of him:

"During the nearly thirty years that he has been in office, many of our readers have looked upon his genial and attractive face, and many more have been brought into business relations with him by correspondence concerning their subscriptions. Mr. Weed is of New England birth, a genuine son of the old stock, having first seen the light at Sandwich, N. H. He was educated in the district school and at the village academy. At seventeen years of age he left Sandwich and went by stage to Bangor, Me., where he became a trusted clerk in a store for seven years. Then he went into mercantile business for himself in that city, where he remained until elected publisher of this paper in January, 1871. He was a prominent Methodist layman in East Maine, a trustee of Bucksport Seminary, and held other positions of honor and usefulness in the church. In his long tenure of the position as agent, or publisher, of *ZION'S HERALD* he has won the confidence of the Wesleyan Association to a remarkable degree. He has been deeply and intelligently interested in all that has interested the church at large. He was earnest in the effort to secure lay delegation, and he has been an active member of the Boston Methodist Social Union and has served as president. He has been able to attend the sessions of the patronizing Conferences every year, and his visits have been highly appreciated by the ministers.

"Mr. Weed is a man of fine mind, a diligent reader of the best literature, an intense lover of nature, and one of the most companionable men we ever met, equally at ease in all circles of society. The editor recalls with gratitude that at the first session of the Vermont Conference which he attended, 'with much fear and trembling,' in the beginning of his ministry, it was the publisher of the *HERALD* who sought him out and in some special attention and courtesies did much to reassure and encourage him. With the readers of *ZION'S HERALD* no face among the many presented will

awaken more kindly and grateful emotions."

He was a Christian gentleman of that dignified and gracious type of which we see but few examples nowadays. He had friends everywhere, for it was natural for him to make them, and, once attached to him, he was so considerate, kind, and always helpful, that he "never lost a friend." He was so sympathetic, generous, and wholly unsuspecting, that he could never distrust his friends. He believed the best things of them, and if in any degree disappointed in any one, he always had a ready word of apology and explanation for them. This quality was especially noticeable in all his relations with his colleagues, the editors of the paper, and the workers in the *HERALD* office generally. If an employé was ill, he was the first to call and offer relief. We recall his unusual consideration and kindness under such experiences, as others will, with peculiar tenderness now that he is gone. His heart remained to the last as sympathetic and tender as that of a child, and his eyes would suffuse with tears when he heard of any distressing affliction which came to his friends.

He was a man of incorruptible business honor. He was not temptable. No business taint of any sort ever found place in him. No man of duplicity or with the spirit of graft ever approached him. He was absolutely honest in the sense that Paul prescribed when he said: "Provide things honest in the sight of all men." It was because he had made a reputation of spotless integrity that he was sought as publisher of the *HERALD*, following a chapter of financial history when the Wesleyan Association sought above every other qualification "a man who could be wholly trusted."

He was a model father; and was not this the reason that God so blessed him in his children? No father ever loved children more than he, and no children ever deserved it more fully. Perhaps the greatest joy of his life in the last twenty-five years was found in his children. While the most affectionate of fathers and considerate to an ideal degree in granting to them all the privileges of children as they developed to mature life, he seemed even to be more of a companion than father. Precious beyond the ability of tongue to tell is the inheritance which the children received from their father. He impressed his own manliness, courtesy and high-mindedness upon them.

He had appropriated the traditional spirit and purpose of the *HERALD*. Gilbert Haven, with his irrepressible radicalisms, was his favorite editor, and the *HERALD* could never be too radical for him. He never restrained the editor, but rather spurred him "to speak out," as occasion demanded. Criticism of the policy or management of the editorial department never disturbed him in the least. He never asked, "Is it expedient?" but, "Is it right?" One of the last long talks with him which the present editor will never forget was the story of some peculiar experiences of Gilbert Haven when his radicalism was so rampant that at nearly every session of the patronizing Conferences the editor was subjected to drastic criticism for his opinions. Mr. Weed told

these facts with a delight that convulsed him. He was never disturbed by conflict or criticism if principle was involved, and if the moral air was clarified thereby. Holland's matchless words involuntarily flow from our pen as we recall the qualities which our friend possessed:

"God give us men! A time like this demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith,
and ready hands:

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;

Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries
without winking!

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above
the fog

In public duty, and in private thinking."

Three children survive, two sons and a daughter—Mr. George M. Weed and ex-Mayor Alonzo R. Weed, of Newton (of the law firm of Weed & Weed, Boston), and Grace, wife of Prof. Thomas H. Eckfeldt, of Concord, Mass.

Funeral services, simple in character, in harmony with the wishes of the deceased, were held at the residence at 149 Park St., Newton, Saturday afternoon at 2:30. The pastor, Rev. Dr. George S. Butters, read the Ritual and offered prayer, and the quartet of the church (mixed voices) sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and "Lead, Kindly Light," of both of which hymns Mr. Weed was especially fond. The burial was at Bangor, Maine.

The Greatest Need

FROM a comprehensive reading of many reports, and from personal advices, we are satisfied that the necessity which should appeal most deeply to our denomination is the desperate strait of our ruined and injured churches in San Francisco. The pitiful situation is made plain by stating the condition of one church only—the edifice is totally destroyed, and of the three hundred families constituting it only five are left with homes. A letter from Rev. F. M. Larkin, of Grace Church, San Francisco, emphasizes this point. He says:

"A few of the ministers of our churches got together this morning, and we decided to send a telegram to all the church papers requesting that they appeal to the Methodists of the United States for immediate help. Funds will be raised in all parts of the United States, no doubt, but if Methodist money goes into a general fund, we will not be able to use it directly for our churches, which will be in greater need than can be understood or described. Three of our largest churches are completely destroyed, and all the others are seriously damaged. Some of the churches will have to be entirely rebuilt. The fire swept through my district to within one block of the church, destroying many of our homes and all the business in which our people were engaged.

"I write this to you, knowing that you will be glad to do what you can for us, that the Methodist money may be able to go into Methodist work. We have selected Hon. C. B. Perkins, a member of the last General Conference, as treasurer of this fund. Moneys could be sent to the different *Advocates*, or to the publishing agents, and at a suitable time reach San Francisco. The city is under martial law. Abundant supplies are being sent in from every direction, but the difficulty is to get them distributed to the people. The undertakers who have not been wiped out of existence are overwhelmed with the dead from accident, fire

and exposure. The Young Men's Christian Association building, which cost \$250,000, was completely destroyed, with the exception of the cornerstone, which stands out clear and above all the mighty destruction with the inscription: 'The foundation of God standeth sure' (2 Timothy 2: 19)."

It is time now to look the situation squarely in the face; and as the result of mature deliberation we suggest that further benevolence from our churches should be directed into this channel of help for our churches in the smitten city. We will do well to heed the wise and far-seeing action of the Roman Catholic Church. Collections are being taken in their cathedrals and churches everywhere which are to be forwarded immediately to San Francisco to rebuild and restore their property. On a recent Sunday nearly \$50,000 was raised in their New York churches for that purpose. The people of San Francisco are without churches. The denomination which first supplies the desperate need will secure the largest support from the people.

We most earnestly commend these facts to our churches. "What thou doest, do quickly."

New Presiding Elder of Bucksport District

BISHOP MOORE appointed Rev. Horace B. Haskell to be presiding elder of Bucksport District, East Maine Conference. A son of the late Rev. Conforth L. Haskell, of sainted memory, of the same Conference, he is the youngest presiding elder, probably, in New England. A graduate of East Maine Conference Seminary, Taylor University, and Garrett Biblical Institute, a strong and in-



REV. H. B. HASKELL

dependent preacher and thinker, deeply spiritual and wholly devoted to the ministry, he has made an excellent record in the pastorate. He was converted when a student at East Maine Conference Seminary under the labors of the late revered president, Rev. A. F. Chase, D. D. He was baptized by his father, and received into the church by his brother, and commissioned to preach as a local preacher by Rev. H. W. Norton, of Dover, Me., then presiding elder of Bucksport District. Since returning from Garrett Biblical Institute his charges have been—Dexter, 1900-1904; Orono, 1904 to 1906. He married Miss Bessie G. Thurlow, a school teacher of Stonington, Maine, in 1900, and has two children.

Bishop Moore is wholly responsible for this appointment. An intimate friend writes that Mr. Haskell is not an "automatic machine," and never will be. We look for aggressive spiritual and far-reaching leadership all over the district.

PERSONALS

—The HERALD office was favored with a genial call from Rev. Dr. H. M. Simpson, of the Newark Conference, last week. This was Dr. Simpson's first visit to the Hub.

—Chaplain D. H. Tribou, U. S. N., has been ordered as the representative of the Navy Department to attend the Conference of Charities and Corrections, which meets this year in Philadelphia.

—Many of our readers who have been taught by him will regret to learn of the death of Rev. Dr. Cunningham McKie. His "Life of Christ" and "Hours with the Bible" have proved greatly helpful to many ministers.

—Rev. Clinton E. Bromley, an elder in the studies of the third year, has been transferred from the Wyoming Conference to the East Maine Conference, and has been appointed by Bishop Moore to the church at Lubec, Washington Co., Maine.

—Mrs. E. E. Strong, of Gainsboro Street, Boston, renewing subscription for the 67th time, writes: "Although I am past ninety years of age, I enjoy reading my weekly HERALD as much as when it was first given me as a bridal gift from my husband, who went to his reward ten years ago."

—Dr. McFarland, of the Sunday School Union, who, at the close of the East Maine Conference, was taken so seriously ill on the train after leaving Rockland, and was obliged to stop at Bath, where he was made comfortable in the home of Rev. D. B. Holt, recovered sufficiently to continue his journey to New York the next day, and is now reported as "quite himself again"—much to the relief of his friends.

—Rev. W. L. Watkinson, D. D., ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference, editor and author of distinction, as well as a great preacher, is to visit this country this summer. He will be at the Winona Assembly during August, will preach at Central and Plymouth Congregational Churches, Brooklyn, in September, and will lecture at Union and Rochester Theological Seminaries in September and October.

—Every one who wants to know about the exact conditions at Jerusalem should read the exceedingly interesting letter on another page, written by Rev. A. H. Tuttle, D. D. Not for many a day have such realistic and panoramic views of the "holy city" been presented to our readers, expressed in such ideal literary terms. We are happy to announce that we have on hand another contribution from the same gifted pen.

—It seems probable that Mme. Curie will succeed her husband as professor of physics in the Sorbonne at Paris. That chair was specially created for M. Curie two years ago, and his wife was appointed his chief laboratory assistant. Mme. Curie, by reason both of her own solid scientific attainments and her familiarity with the work of her husband, appears to be eminently fitted to succeed that brilliant scientist in the distinguished position which he adorned. It can hardly be expected that Mme. Curie will discover another element as wonderful as radium, but she will find enough to do, perhaps, in addition to giving instruction, in studying the problem of the possible adaptations of radio-activity to practical uses.

—Prof. J. Culver Hartzell, son of Bishop Hartzell, and his wife had a very narrow escape from serious injury, if not death, at San José, Cal., during the recent earthquake. The chimneys of their house were thrown down, and their furniture badly

damaged. The first communication the Bishop received was April 30, although the earthquake occurred April 18, all attempts at communication up to that time having failed. The Professor, in his letter, says: "Our monetary loss is considerable, and our bruises are painful. My wife is very brave, and has stood the strain nobly. I am a little lame, but shall renew my lectures tomorrow. The University of the Pacific came through without great damage, while the destruction in and about San José has been appalling." Professor Hartzell is teacher of science in the University of the Pacific.

— Rev. W. W. Shenk, Ph. D., who was transferred from the New England Conference at its late session to the Puget Sound Conference, has been appointed to First Church, Everett, Washington.

— Bishop and Mrs. Burt celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary at their home in Zurich, Switzerland, April 24.

— Rev. Dr. F. K. Stratton is to supply the church in Greenfield for two or three Sundays this month, during the absence of the pastor, Rev. A. H. Herrick, who is to attend the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

— The many New England friends of Rev. D. E. Miller, of the Maine Conference, will deeply sympathize with him in the great bereavement which has come to him in the death of his wife, Mrs. Adelaide L. Gleason, who passed peacefully to her heavenly rest from Gorham, Me., after a protracted illness, May 4.

— One of the boyhood teachers of David Livingstone is still alive and in active service. He is Rev. F. B. Coldwell, a member of the Lancashire and Chelsea Presbytery in England, and is eighty-eight years of age. When a young man he was a teacher at a school in the neighborhood of Blantyre, Lanarkshire, and David Livingstone used to walk a distance of eleven miles daily to and from school.

— At the Wesleyan Academy anniversaries at Wilbraham in June, Rev. Dr. Franklin Hamilton, of Boston, will deliver the annual sermon, and Rev. Dr. William F. Anderson, corresponding secretary of the Board of Education, will address the graduating class. On Wednesday, June 20, the Old Club Debating Society will celebrate its 80th anniversary, when Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, one of its former members, will be the principal speaker.

— Miss Christine La Barraque, who gave a song recital in this city last week, is considered one of the most remarkable women of the age, since, though blind from early childhood, she is yet the master of four languages, is a Doctor of Philosophy of the University of California, and for several years has been a teacher of foreign languages in the high schools of San Francisco. She is said to be possessed of a remarkable voice, both for range and sweetness.

— President Huntington has shown singular wisdom in promoting close relations between the professional schools and the College of Liberal Arts of Boston University by the monthly receptions in Jacob Sleeper Hall. The last of these was held last week, and was highly successful, the Schools of Theology, Law and Medicine uniting with representatives of the college classes to make the occasion pleasant to all. Not the least attractive personality at these gatherings has been the wife of the president, whose health now permits her to take her appropriate place at her husband's side in receiving the guests.

— A delightful half-hour was that which the editor enjoyed last week with Rev.

Bostwick Hawley, D. D., of Saratoga. Though ninety-two years of age, he is as mentally alert, interesting and optimistic as if he had seen only half as many years. Seldom is more sunshine incarnated in face and eye. There was not a single word of murmur or complaint, nor was the minor key touched. Blessed man! Would that he could be sent on an extensive itinerating tour to teach even Methodist ministers "how to grow old sweetly." It is a permanent benediction to see him and talk with him. May he live forever — and he will!

— Any unprejudiced mind will concur with the *Wheeling Register* (Dem.) when it says: "One of the most remarkable incidents in American politics is the change of public sentiment toward William Jennings Bryan. It seems to be agreed that he examines important questions with a judicial mind, and that he is 'rebuilding his reputation.'"

BRIEFLETS

Do not fail to turn to page 602 and read about the new Deaconess Training School building, a fine view of which is given.

A thrillingly interesting letter from our California correspondent, "San Juan," descriptive of San Francisco's earthquake and fire visitation, and accompanied by photographs, reached the office, we regret to state, too late for insertion in the present issue.

All who are planning to pack and send barrels and boxes of supplies for the relief of the Methodist people in San Francisco, will please communicate at once with Rev. Franklin Hamilton, 66 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, for information concerning the method of transportation. Measures are being taken to secure free transportation for all such supplies. But the committee must have full information concerning the number of articles to be sent, in order to secure space in the cars carrying the relief supplies.

Field Secretary E. M. Taylor has heard from all the Spring Conferences. All have made an increase — some a very handsome advance — in the missionary collections. Judging from the data already received, the increase for the six months will be between \$40,000 and \$50,000.

Rev. Samuel Chadwick, Wesleyan Methodist, whom Mr. Moody brought to Northfield one season as a strong helper, in a sermon recently reported in this country on the subject of "Christian Perfection," sums it up in saying: "Wesley's definition is short, simple and Scriptural. 'Pure love alone reigning in the heart and life' — this is the whole of Christian perfection."

Nature has a way of getting even sometimes with those who study its processes. By a strange freak of the earthquake at Stanford University a statue of Louis Agassiz, the famous Harvard naturalist, was thrust head first through a granite walk, where it stuck fast upside down. Probably a number of other "quake freaks" will be reported in due time, giving the engravers of the weekly press some fantastic themes to work up.

Bishop J. W. Bashford, of China, made a profound impression last week in his statements before the Senate Committee on Immigration, which is investigating the recent Chinese boycott of American

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IN HIS PRESENCE

Victory

Invocation

Heavenly Father, the experiences of our daily life have taught us that we cannot meet its trial and stress without severe and ceaseless conflict. Alone we are undone. We fail miserably unless Thou art near. Come to us, this morning, and show us the meaning of Thy strength in our struggle!

Scripture

Finally, be strong in the Lord, and in the strength of His might. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places. Wherefore take up the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand. — EPHESIANS 6: 10-13.

Meditations

I — Life's Militant Quality

It is stern and serious business to live. "No holiday engagement," this human lot of ours, as Emerson truly says. We come up for a conflict in which the great antagonists are in the lists. It is no idle playing at warfare for the delight of ladies' eyes, but life and death are involved in the contest. Many drift at ease, and many deny the challenge, but to every true soul life is resonant with the martial call to action and full of the militant quality of battle fields and weary marchings. This is nothing to make us afraid. We would not have it less. Life is just what we would have it be, severe and earnest and rewarding. There are no triumphs where there have been no campaigns.

II — Our Part in Our Stability

Paul recognizes that we cannot hope to stand and acquit ourselves in the presence of the Father without the assistance of the divine aid. On the other hand, we cannot expect to be true to God without we exert every possible fraction of our own strength to the same end. We are not able to win the final victory until we have ourselves "done all." It makes no difference at which end of the problem we begin, we come out in every case with the fact that our own endeavor and the divine reinforcement always go together and make mutually for our victory.

III — The Invaders

Paul has said in an earlier part of the letter that the privilege of the Christian is to sit together with Christ in the heavenly places (2: 6). It would seem as if here there ought to be no invasion of evil, and that struggle ought to cease. Not so. Even here there are invaders. There are hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places. There is no one place where it is possible to be secure. Evil insinuates itself into the whole range of life.

Prayer

Our sense of need is keen as we come to Thee, Father, this day. We have tried to win the battle alone, but it has been in vain. Come now to us. Help us to the victory over all foes within our own breasts and over all evil that assails us from without. Grant us to go courageously forward into whatever lot and place the day may point out, calm and undismayed in the assurance that Thou art with us, strengthening us in the inner man for the outer conflict. We pray not that Thou shouldst take us aside into the place of safety. We pray that Thou wilt set us wherever it shall please Thee, and then give us the power to fight the good fight of faith for Thee and for one another.

Touring in Palestine

REV. A. H. TUTTLE, D. D.

THE sincere pilgrim to the Holy Land must make at the same time a double tour, one

A Tour of the Earth Earthy,

vexatious almost to the limit of endurance. On this tour we are constantly running up against human selfishness, greed, and ignorance, which are in perpetual evidence and provoking emphasis. Every traveler is shoving to the fore, and one can get his rights only by a sacrifice of his decorum, and a consequent sense of shame. Ignorance is specially aggressive. We hear much of the mouth that speaketh out of the abundant heart; but in a company of tourists I am impressed with the copious vocabulary of the empty head. A woman at Smyrna seriously asked our director to "Please tell me where Lollypop is buried," meaning, I suppose, Polycarp. I heard one woman learnedly explaining how old Simeon was who took Jesus up in his arms in the temple. She knew he must be 1740 years old, for the Bible tells of him in Gen. 29! While looking at the hill that overlooks Nazareth, from which the citizens attempted to cast Jesus down, I was asked: "Is that where Satan asked Jesus to fall down and worship him?" These are extreme cases of stupidity; but it is appalling how little is known of the geography of the Lord's land by really intelligent people.

Worse than ignorance is the intrusive smartness of others who are constantly turning attention from serious considerations to their own wit. If your guide tells you of Lot's wife turning to salt, a grinning tourist is sure to ask if she had not already turned to rubber. Unless you get alone, every holy thing will be slimed over with some one's nonsense. But if you go alone you will be pestered with a drove of peripatetic merchants with small wares, with mendicants who will pull you about with nasty hands, or who will thrust ghastly sores, crooked limbs and sickly babies up before you. Many will perform an unasked service, such as pushing a donkey out of your way, or pointing out the very building you are approaching, and then demanding a remuneration. After my first day in Jerusalem, I found that while you need fear no personal harm, it is better and even cheaper to employ a guide.

In addition to all this earthy side of a sacred pilgrimage to this land, there are villainous fleas innumerable, and fears of other creatures too vile to name. Lepers are here indescribably horrible. I confess that notwithstanding an instinctive revolt that makes me shiver as with a chill, I cannot pass a leper without an alms. Then, too, the mode of conveyance is not suggestive of American movement — three hours by rail from Joppa to Jerusalem, a distance of fifty-four miles; twelve hours by carriage from Caifa to Tiberias, not counting the time of a night's halt at Nazareth. Then the poverty and filth of the people; the vast stretches of rich land uncultivated; the

mountains with the soil all washed down, leaving the bare slopes without a tree and almost without verdure; women and little girls digging up dirt between the rocks and carrying it in baskets on their heads to build up the bed of a road — these are not very cheerful sights to one accustomed to the thrift of our own great country.

Another feature of our earthy pilgrimage is our accommodations. Neither the monasteries nor hotels where we are housed are built or run on the twentieth-century plan. They are built almost altogether of stone; not only the walls, but the stairs and floors, are stone. This is very agreeable in the heat of the day; but when the sun goes down, great drops of dampness gather like dew on the grass. It is a pity we have to eat, but, as we must, we think an egg with a chunk of bread without butter, and a cup of coffee, make a very frugal repast for a laborious morning. At the other meals the food is abundant, but mixed with a too generous supply of onions and olive oil.

A final feature of the earthy side of our pilgrimage — final in point of statement, but continuous in point of experience — is money. Everybody wants your change. This morning I ventured a quiet walk from Jaffa gate to the Mosque of Omar, alone with my wife and daughter. Before I was half way there, you might think I owned the street, I had so many followers. An officer came to my relief, only to give me over to robed Moslems. One would pass me over to another, and so on and on, each one expecting and almost demanding a fee, until at last I took refuge in a dragoman of our party, whom we chased to meet.

But over this way forlorn we may make another tour,

A Tour of the Soul,

which sees and hears things out of education, affection, imagination and faith. Then everything from caravans of heavily laden camels and donkeys to peasant women grinding at the mill; from Hermon's glistening head to the field lily in glory arrayed, brings the dear old Bible story from out of the books and presses it upon our hearts as an unquestionable reality. I am asked, "Why not make this soul pilgrimage at home without the annoyance of the other?" You have my answer if you tell me why you resort to harp and organ and chorus when you have "music in your soul." The outward rendering awakens, exalts, and brings into mighty reality the passion it represents. Oh, how real seems the life of Jesus after we have read the familiar story on the spot where it was lived! Such was this impression of reality after we had traveled from Nazareth to Tiberias, and were on our return and talking of it all, that every one in our carriage spontaneously burst into tears.

We rode in carriages across Galilee, but we rarely met others traveling in that way; the few we did meet were tourists like ourselves. Ours was the modern age intruding into that of our Lord. Plow-

men were using the same rude plow from which they could not look back without turning from their furrow; fishermen were mending their nets in the primitive way; the boats on Galilee were propelled in the unskillful method of the olden time, and made us understand why the disciples were so alarmed in a storm on so small a lake. The houses are never isolated as in our farming regions, but clustered in villages; never in the valleys, but always on the top or slope of the hills. I came very near saying the whole thing was gotten up to illustrate the Bible. At any rate, one familiar with the Bible could easily identify the place of its product, so unchanged are its external conditions.

We were especially interested in the excavations at Tell-Hum, which the traditions of both Arabs and Jews identify with the site of ancient Capernaum. The old name was Kafr (village) Nahum (a proper name), and continued to be so called till it became a heap of ruins, when it was called Tell (heap) Hum (an abbreviation of Nahum). Christian archaeologists have been divided as to the locality; but the excavations, especially of the last six months, are bringing such abundance of evidence as to convince the most doubtful that this is the site. But aside from these recently unearthed remnants of a former glory there is almost no sign of any habitation but a mass of building stones thrown in abysmal confusion and netted in an entanglement of underbrush and weeds. And this was once the Jewish capital of Galilee, as Tiberias was the heathen, the two cities being related to this province as Jerusalem and Caesarea were to Judea. Its locality was one of the most lovely and healthy in all Palestine. The mountains behind it were covered to the very top with luxurious terraces of vineyards and orchards; and the plains along the shore were rich with yellow grain. The sea was full of fish and the whole country was copiously watered with flowing fountains and living streams. Beautiful Hermon breathed both its inspiration and its health upon this favored city. From out of its homes Peter and Matthew, John and James, went forth to do the work of apostles. This was Jesus' own city. Here He wrought many of His most wonderful works and spoke His still more wonderful words. Was ever a city so favored? It was the New Jerusalem, the cradle of the kingdom of God. In point of privilege and opportunity it was "exalted to heaven." But this place, once so favored, is now desolate. The people flee it as from a plague. Where the vineyards and orchards grew, are barren rocks which reflect the sun till it makes both men and weeds wilt, and fills the soggy plain with a deadly miasma. The very waters of the lake have risen till now the marble steps of an ancient synagogue recently exposed, are below the present surface. The city is "thrust down to hell." This is no time for me to moralize; but surely unbelief is a deadly evil which not only withers human souls, but in some way poisons the air we breathe, impoverishes the soil, and brings into bondage Nature itself.

Jerusalem is too large a theme for me to try and picture in a single letter.

It is a

City of Unutterable Sorrow.

I understand that within its walls two-thirds of its people are mendicants. Excepting in the Armenian quarter and a small section of the so-called Christian quarter, which the Germans are cleansing, the entire enclosure reeks with filth. I never could have believed that human beings could by any possible means make themselves so revolting in person, dress, and habit. The odor is the quintessence of loathsomeness, and strikes you with the force of a strong wind and makes your stomach reel. Lepers, paralytics, halt and blind, appeal to you at every step. Nor are they satisfied with a verbal appeal; they pull you and push you and threaten you with the curse of God.

Multitudes of the Jews are supported by the charities of Hebrews throughout the world. Many of the churches and monasteries and schools are cared for by the charitably inclined of their respective faiths in other countries. It is well known that at the revered Mrs. Newman, widow of Bishop Newman, is organizing a kindergarten here which she will endow for a work so much needed. I have asked several dragomans who have been showing me about the city: "What are the pleasures of this people?" They all reply: "They have none." I rarely see any one laugh excepting a few monks. I have looked to find the children at play, but thus far have seen none. I hear no music on the streets excepting the bells of the churches. Street minstrels are a thing unheard of. Any hour you may visit the wailing-place and see the unhappy Jews weeping bitterly while they chant the sad elegies of Jeremiah. Occasionally I could distinguish in the old Hebrew speech: "Was there any sorrow like my sorrow?" One intelligent gentleman remarked to me: "I see no hope whatever for this city. It would be a blessing to wipe the festering thing out of existence." But I reminded him that that has been done again and again; but, like the Jews themselves, kill them, and they rise from the dead. Both the city and the people seem to have an inexhaustible vitality. Surely a purpose eternal is working on this hill and among this people.

It is enough to make your very heart bleed to sit for an hour under an old olive tree in Gethsemane and read the story of our Saviour's agony; then return by St. Stephen's gate to the site of the pretorium and read the account of His trial; then walk up the Via Dolorosa over which He stumbled under the weight of His cross. The sacred places they point out to you may be apocryphal, but part of this way He certainly walked, bearing in His heart our woe.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre has the support of the oldest tradition as the true site of the crucifixion and burial of Jesus; but it is so tinsel and colored, and has accumulated so many legends, absurd and disgusting, as to disrobe it of all sanctity for me. Yet here millions of pilgrims — a few of whom we saw — have wept and prayed and gone home with a larger hope into a newer life. My heart is moved with a sympathy too complicated for interpretation at this time. The place

may be wrong; but the great truth of their redemption through a suffering Saviour is the secret and power of their new life. So it is of mine. I therefore go out to the Golgotha outside the walls and read the story of "love unto death." Imagination sweeps away all the present environment and reconstructs that of His time. I see the cross, the weeping women, the insulting Pharisees, the noble centurion, the Son of God spiked to the cursed tree. And the truth is borne in upon my soul — He died for me.

ALL

REV. C. B. BESSE.

He sat by the treasury looking on,
The Lord of earth and heaven,
And noting the giving of every one,
Saw much and little given.

But what to Him was the largest amount.
Dropped into the temple store,
Was only two mites by actual count,
Which left in the purse no more.

Ah! this is it; not the much we may give,
But is the giving our all?
Does all that we are, and all that we have,
Respond to the Master's call?

It was thus He gave. He nothing withheld
From manger to cruel cross;
To turn back the tide of sorrow and sin,
He suffered unmeasured loss.

Metropolis, Ill.

BETTER THAN HEAVEN

REV. DANIEL STEELE, D. D.

I USED to hear Ralph Waldo Emerson. In 1845 he addressed Wesleyan University. I was shocked when he said, in his sententious way: "Young man, do right, and turn your back on heaven." To a freshman who had been trained to think that the great business of life is to get to heaven, this utterance had a sacrilegious sound. This feeling continued till after I had studied the basis or supreme aim of the various systems of ethics, when I discovered that the lecturer was repudiating that moral philosophy which makes happiness the supreme purpose for which man should strive. He might have spoken in a style less enigmatical, if he had said: Do right for its own sake, and not because there is a sugar-plum at the end of your course. The Concord philosophy that righteousness, or its inmost core, holiness, and not felicity, should be the supreme end and aim of human life, is true. To the objection that Jesus Christ "for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross," we quote the translation of the Twentieth-Century version of *anti*, not "for," but "instead of," "who in exchange for the happiness that lay at His feet, submitted to the cross, disregarding its shame." To do His Father's will was better than heaven to Him, as it is to all mature believers.

But Emerson's advice is as impracticable to the natural man as his oft-quoted precept, "Hitch your wagon to a star;" for in the unsaved man there is not motive power sufficient to overcome the wrong tendencies in him and about him in this sinful world, and to sustain him in doing right by the sheer power of will. Love must be added. But love goes out

only to a person. We cannot love an abstraction. The personality of God is revealed in His Son, who manifests His love for the world on the cross. When love responsive is shed abroad in the believing heart, the will to do right is mightily re-enforced. The sanctified affections become a dynamo behind it, and drive the wheels of the upward automobile, and sin itself must yield to love. The right is concentered in Christ. Right doing is now easy, free, and joyful, especially if that love is perfect. All persons who have such love have a treasure better than heaven, of which Charles Wesley sings in the concluding stanza of "O Love divine, how sweet thou art" — a stanza omitted from the last three American Hymnals:

"No other Love do I require;
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above;
Let earth, and heaven, and all things go;
Give me Thy only love to know,
Give me Thy only love!"

Here is something better than heaven, and better than Emerson's way of attaining righteousness — the impossible way in which the feet of all mere moralists are moving to their bitter disappointment at the last. But has not God attached a reward to obedience and punishment to disobedience? Does not this justify both hope and fear as motives for serving God? These inferior motives God does apply to those who have no love and to those whose love for Him is weak and imperfect. They are not in a condition to appreciate the higher motive of service to Christ in the attractiveness of His character and warmth of His love revealed to the believer by the Holy Spirit. Thus the Law, not made for the righteous as a motive to service, but as a rule of life, becomes to the sinner a *paidagogos*, a child-leader, to bring him to Christ, who will give him freedom from bondage to lower motives by enthusing him with "Love divine, all love excelling." Many professing faith in Christ are still "under the law;" they are rendering a legal service which is irksome and unsatisfying. Their chief aspiration is not to glorify their Redeemer, but to get to heaven. They need to be convinced that there is for every one of them something better in this life and in the world to come. They should long ponder the words of the Psalmist: "Whom have I in heaven but thee" (73:25)? and "I have no good beyond thee" (16:2), and daily sing Charles Wesley's hymn, "O glorious hope of perfect love!" especially the last stanza, unfortunately omitted from the new Hymnal:

"O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness!"

It is an open secret that love-service is a delight, while wage service is weariness, as the members of the Boston Labor Union, by their scornful smiles, evinced when in his recent address to them in Faneuil Hall President Elliot told them that they should love their jobs and take delight in their work. There can be no joy in serving God without love. The Chris-

tian love of which we speak has but one source: it is a spark dropped from the skies, and not a spontaneous combustion from beneath. This differs widely from the doctrine taught by the eloquent and magnetic Beecher. Having told the Yale theologues that their pastoral success depended on love, one of them asked how a man deficient in this quality could obtain it, and the lecturer replied: "Pitch into your work with all your might, and love will soon spring up in your hearts." The love that is better than heaven, because itself is the heaven of heavens, is the fruit of the spirit, the leader of the whole train of Christian virtues.

"He dwells in Heaven who dwells in love."
— Charles Wesley.

Milton, Mass.

INDIA'S TWO JUBILEES

MRS. C. L. R. HOSKINS,
Cawnpore, India.

IN 1887 was celebrated in India the jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign — the great and good Queen who, in 1877, was proclaimed Empress of India. The whole country was jubilant, and one province vied with another in the magnificence of its preparations to celebrate, in a suitable manner, the great event. Hindus gave voice to their enthusiasm with: "Jai! jai! Malika ki jai!" and Mohammedans gave thanks in their mosques for the Queen's prosperous reign. Native poets sang the praises of India's sovereign lady, and jubilee memorials were planned, and later accomplished.

The year 1906 witnesses the jubilee of the King of kings, whose benign rule extends over all the land of India today. In 1856 it required strong faith to believe that a land so steeped in idolatry, centuries old, and dominated, in a measure, by the bigoted followers of a false religion, would turn from their worship of "gods many," and from their belief in the "Prophet of God," to receive the simple message of salvation by faith alone. Yet there were earnest souls who felt that the last command of our Lord remained unfulfilled while the great empire of India was left in darkness.

Here and there, it is true, there were preachers of righteousness in the land, but not one in a million could hear from their lips the Gospel message, and American Methodism felt condemned in that it had not recognized its opportunity to bear the message of salvation to the myriads who were striving to gain, by pilgrimages and penances, release from sin and its punishment.

"Go ye into all the world!" Who would go? A noble man bowed before his Maker and asked: "Lord, am I Thy chosen messenger?" And when it was revealed to him that this was God's will for him, he did not hesitate, nor did his devoted wife, to say: "Here am I, Lord! send me."

What fervent prayers followed these fearless ones as they sailed away on the 9th of April, 1856, not knowing what awaited them beyond the seas! And how soon after their arrival in the land for whose salvation they had consecrated their all was their faith tested by the

Mutiny which threatened to frustrate all their plans! But they felt that God had brought them there, and that His purposes would not fail, and with the same simple trust in an Omnipotent Power which had led them on their way, they lived day by day in the belief that He would overrule all for His glory.

And how God has honored their faith! Two lone Methodist workers in India in 1856! Over 5,000 Methodist missionaries, preachers, and teachers in 1906! Should not this be, indeed, a Golden Jubilee, not in India alone, but wherever true hearts praise God for His wondrous love, His boundless grace, His saving power? And not alone for what the fifty years have seen accomplished, but for this new impulse of religious fervor which is stirring into life the people of every faith, and which extends over the whole Indian empire.

Shall we not ask our Heavenly Father, if it be His will, to spare the dear mother of our India Mission to see with her earthly vision the fruition of her hopes, and to join, with grateful heart, in this glad Jubilee?

HONORING A DEAR OLD SAINT

REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT.

THE 75th anniversary of the landing of Dr. William Goodale at Constantinople to take up, as a pioneer laborer, the work of missions in Turkey, is celebrated this month of May by the missionaries of the Western Turkey Mission of the American Board gathered in their annual session. Former members of the mission are joining, by letters if not by personal presence, in the celebration. William Goodale was a product of "the sacred institution at Andover," as he called it, in its best days, before that famous "Hill" was well-nigh deserted by the sons of the prophets. What blessed labors were in after years the result of that early consecration in Andover! Ordained in 1822 at New Haven, the young Goodale turned his face Eastward, and from that time onward mingled his fortunes with those of evangelism in Turkey.

Dr. Goodale the man has always interested people quite as much as Dr. Goodale the missionary. He was one of the saints of the Lord — yet not a sorry saint. He knew how to laugh as well as to pray. He had no intention of "going to heaven crying." He did not shut his eyes to the sad things of life or refuse its difficult duties, while yet maintaining a hopeful disposition and keeping the upward look, living near the Throne, and dwelling "under the shadow," as the Turks would say, of the Almighty. He was genial while he was godly, and spiritual while he was sunny. It could be said of William Goodale: "He hopeth all things." He was a man who did things, too, and was a marvelous combination of common-sense and piety. His name is revered in Turkey to this day, and through his translation of the Scriptures into the tongue of the common people — the *hamals*, the *caiquejees*, the water-carriers and the peasants — he is speaking still, by the witness of the printed page, to multitudes of Orientals who but for

him would never have known the pure New Testament teachings.

Winchester, Mass.

LETTER FROM THE PHILIPPINES

REV. ROBERT JOHNSON.

FOR the sake of clearness I have written this letter in the form of questions:

Where are We?

We are in the midst of 300,000 people who speak one dialect. We are the only Protestant missionaries here, and the only American missionaries that know anything of the language. We are all living on a fine, fertile valley with over 200 people to the square mile.

What are We Doing?

(a) We are studying the language, a task by no means easy when you take into consideration that there is no grammar or like helps, and the fact that this is one of the most difficult dialects.

(b) We are preaching and teaching. We have about 2,000 members and 30 native preachers in this province. To visit these preachers, to travel with one through his large circuit, and then travel with the next one, etc., is part of our work. We do all the baptizing and marrying, organizing, etc., so our work is by no means easy, especially when one sleeps in all kinds of places, comes in contact with all kinds of diseases, eats various varieties of foods, suffers for the lack of good water, and often preaches three times each day.

(c) For fear that we shall get out of work, we also edit a paper which is published every two weeks, and contains the Sunday-school lessons, work for the preachers' course of study, special articles, news from the churches, etc. In addition to this, we aim — either I or my wife — to teach a Bible school three nights a week.

What are Our Burdens?

Not persecutions — and we have our share of them. Within the past month one of our preachers got hurt in one place, and in another place one had his ribs fractured, and seventeen of our people were put in jail for no other reason than that they were guilty of attending a Protestant "culto," or meeting; and only yesterday one of our people got hit badly with a stone.

Not lurking diseases. Cholera has greatly interfered with our work. One American was taken sick at five o'clock in the afternoon, and died at midnight. We have been among it, but God has taken care of us.

Not sorrow, and we have had that. Two short months ago our darling little daughter of twenty-one months left us for the better land, leaving us broken-hearted in the midst of mystery. Nevertheless, we have received of His grace and help.

Our greatest burden is how to provide for the preachers. These men are willing to work for nothing, but the people are poor and are unable to support their pastors; they do all they can, but in order to keep a preacher at work, we must help him a little. In many places \$5 per month would make it possible for them to have a pastor. How to get pastors to these eager, anxious people is my problem of problems, the chief subject of my daily prayers. Some time ago I sent a man out on the other side of this great province. I gave him \$10, and said to him, "Now if the Lord sends me any money, I will send you \$10 more next month." I recently spent a few days with him on his far-away work, and I found him with a little church in one place which

they had built at an immense sacrifice and 65 members; in another place he has a membership of 40, who are now getting ready to build a church; in still another place he has a society of 30 ready to be organized; and in another large town a long way distant, he will soon organize another church. Where can a man spend \$10 per month to better advantage? I have just returned from Conference somewhat sad because all they have allowed me is \$25 per month for all this work, and part of this must go for translating articles for the paper. What shall I do? God alone knows. I sent that preacher back to his far-away circuit and I said to him: "Go; I'll take care of you if I have to eat less in order to do so." If the good people at home only knew, how gladly they would respond!

I have been home a week from Conference. Yesterday one of my preachers came in and told me that he had a membership of 87 ready to come into the church. He wanted to know if I could not spare him \$2 so that he might make a trip to a distant part in the north of this province. It so happened that I had just exactly \$2 left of my allowance. What else could I do but give it to him and tell him, in God's name, to go?

Are We Happy?

Indeed we are. We are hoping to see 1,000 souls converted to God during this Conference year. I have only one great desire and one great fear — the desire to help my preachers a little more, hence I am praying that some of God's people at home may hear this needy cry; and the one fear lest our health should give out, and that it would be necessary to return home. Pray for us! Help us if you can!

San Fernando, Pampanga, P. I.

THE ATONEMENT

A Scripture View

REV. D. F. LAMSON.

WE may not be able to understand how Christ's death is an atonement for sin. Strictly speaking, there cannot be any "philosophy of the plan of salvation." It is reasonable to suppose that any scheme having to do with the infinite and the finite, the relations between the different persons of the Godhead, and between God and man, must be full of mysteries. But the fact is clearly revealed that Christ's death does somehow furnish the basis of human forgiveness and salvation; that it is in view of that death that God can and does pardon transgression.

The Atonement is, in the first place, such an exhibition of God's righteousness that God can consistently and safely, in consideration of it, accept and justify penitent sinners. Christ's death does not literally remove sin, but it provides for its removal; it justifies God as a Moral Governor in the exercise of clemency to the ungodly. Christ is "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth," in the sense that the law finds its satisfaction in His voluntary and vicarious suffering and obedience unto death. "That God might be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus," is declared to be the purpose of God in the Atonement. It was to open a way in which divine pity might be manifested without derogation to the divine righteousness, that Christ offered Himself

a sacrifice as of "a lamb without blemish and without spot" to God; being "made sin for us," as the apostle expresses it, "that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

But while this is a fundamental idea in the Atonement, it is not the only idea in it. The death of Christ is, in the second place, a manifestation of God's love. "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son," etc. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and gave his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." As a revelation of the righteousness of God, the effect of Christ's death is to convince us of the evil of sin, of God's abhorrence of it, and of the fact that divine justice has been propitiated on our behalf. As a revelation of the love of God, its effect is to reveal to us the heart of God yearning over us with infinite tenderness, to draw forth our love to Him and to lead us to a consecration of ourselves to His service.

Thus a two-fold purpose is accomplished by the death of Christ as our sin-offering or substitute. It not only removes the obstacles on the part of divine justice to our forgiveness, and shows that God can be as just and holy in forgiving sin in consideration of the sacrifice offered on Calvary as He would have been apart from that sacrifice in punishing it; it also reveals God to the sinner in such a light that in accepting Christ as his Saviour, he is moved to penitence, love and devotion. The Atonement, it has been said, "looks not one way, but two." It reconciles God to man, and man to God. And this last result is no less necessary than the other. God must indeed, first of all, be propitiated; sin must be atoned for; or "the curse of the law" must have its course. But God being propitiated, atonement being made, satisfaction being provided, it becomes necessary that the sinner be brought under the influence of motives that will bind him in love and gratitude to his Deliverer. It is the love of God in Christ that is the grand, compelling motive to a new and holy life in the believer. "The love of Christ constraineth us." "We love Him because He first loved us."

The "moral theory" of the Atonement, which Bushnell so eloquently set forth — the theory that the death of Christ has simply a subjective effect, that its only purpose is to move our minds — taken by itself is miserably insufficient. It fails to take account of a large and outstanding class of Scripture passages which represent Christ's death as having a relation to divine justice in the forgiveness of sin. It also fails to meet the demands of the quickened and sensitive conscience for some satisfaction to divine righteousness, and thus lacks the ethical element that is necessary in any theory of atonement that is adapted to our constitution as moral beings. But though the "moral" aspect of the Atonement is not the only aspect of it, or the chief aspect of it, it is an important aspect of it, and one that should not be overlooked. Christ's death has a moral as well as judicial bearing and efficacy. He died "to save us from our sins;" He "bore our sins in His own body on the tree, that we being dead to

sin might live unto righteousness;" He "gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify us unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." The Atonement has a sanctifying as well as a justifying purpose. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," as well as makes our peace with God. This twofold efficacy of the Atonement is beautifully illustrated in the incident at the Crucifixion, when the soldier's spear pierced the side of Jesus, "and forthwith came there out blood and water" — a truth which Toplady happily expressed in his well-known hymn by a word which emendators have sometimes changed for one which sacrifices the sense:

"Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power,"

many hymn-books substituting "perfect cure," thus missing the obvious reference to the guilt and power of sin, both of which are potentially destroyed by Christ's death.

Gordon Bible and Missionary Training School.

NOTES FROM OHIO WESLEYAN

PROF. R. E. MILLER.

THE last week in April was a season of unusual interest in Ohio Wesleyan University. The chief events of the week were the convention of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, a convention of the presiding elders of Ohio, and the Merriek Lectures.

The lectures, five in number, were given this year by distinguished graduates of the University. The subjects were all grouped about the general theme: "All Things New," and were as follows: "The New Theology," Rev. Chas. E. Jefferson, New York; "The New Biblical Learning," Prof. D. A. Hayes, Garrett Biblical Institute; "The New Age," Bishop E. E. Hoss, Dallas, Texas; "The New Evangelism," Bishop W. F. McDowell, Chicago, Ill.; "The New Patriotism," President E. H. Hughes, DePauw University. Each of these lectures was a masterpiece in itself, and the course proved one of the most timely and instructive series ever given under this foundation.

In addition to the lecturers many distinguished guests visited the University during the week and addressed the students. Among these were Bishops Spellmeyer, Thoburn, Oldham, and ex-President (now Bishop) Bashford. The Bishop was accompanied by Mrs. Bashford, and they were given a most enthusiastic reception when they first entered Grey Chapel.

President Welch deserves much credit for his part in the arrangements which made this week of rare events possible. The delivery of the Merriek Lectures by these distinguished alumni, and the visit of the presiding elders of the State, have strengthened the strong tie that already bound the constituency to the University.

The New York Sun alludes editorially to the recently adjourned State legislature as "the legislature without a boss" (meaning Odell), free from "big scandals," "graft legislation," and "great betrayals of the State's interests." The Empire State is to be congratulated on this long-delayed emancipation. We do not notice any similar comment in the secular news-sheets of this city on our General Court now in session.

THE FAMILY DEPARTMENT

WHEN THE SPRING CALLS

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

I weary of the hungry world,
The bondage of its greed and jar,
Oh, for a breath of homeland air,
The dewy peace of fields afar!

I know the birds are singing there
In the old orchards glad with bloom,
And brook is calling unto brook
In woodlands dim with vernal gloom.

The breath of clover broods above
Wide meadows blessed of falling rain,
And golden blossoms star the grass
In many a winding pasture lane.

The roses at the garden gate
Bloom like old songs sweet-set to
flowers,
And friendly ministering winds
Blow from the greenwood at all hours.

I long to leave the city's grime,
The selfish street, the noontide glare,
To find once more remembered fields
And primal joy ungathered there.

Far from the bargain mart I'd go
And seek a childhood trodden way,
The gloaming road across the hill,
The homelight at the close of day.

I long in that old house to rest
Whose ancient calm no clamor mars,
At one low window there to kneel,
And pray with face towards the stars.

Cavendish, P. E. I.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

What are heavy? Sea sand and sorrow.
What are brief? Today and tomorrow.
What are frail? Spring blossoms and youth.
What are deep? The ocean and truth.

— Christina Rossetti.

We must dare to be happy, and dare to
confess it, regarding ourselves always as
the depositaries, not as the authors, of our
own joy. — *Amiel.*

I believe that if you and I were more to
heed the whispers of our Father, we should
not have so many of His thunders. —
J. Harrington Evans.

I more than doubt whether, until our
small services are sweet with divine affec-
tion, our great ones, if such we are capable
of, will ever have the true Christian flavor
about them. — *George MacDonald.*

We think of heaven as something that
must visit us from afar. . . . But the new
heaven and the new earth will only be
the unveiling to us of what already is. . . .
Today, or never—here, or nowhere—is
eternity. — *Lucy Larcom.*

The sainthoods of the fireside and of the
market-place—they wear no glory round
their heads; they do their duties in the
strength of God; they have their martyr-
doms and win their palms, and though
they get into no calendar, they leave a
benediction and a force behind them on
the earth when they go up to heaven. —
Phillips Brooks.

A dear friend of mine used to say of a
fine old doctor in Philadelphia that his

simple presence did his patients more good
than his medicine, and was easier to take
beyond all comparison. Well, such a pres-
ence is always a noble medicine in itself.
The contagion of a cheerful soul helps us
always to look toward the light, sets the
tides of life flowing again, and cubes all
our chances of getting well. — *Rev. Robert
Collyer.*

It is impossible to rush into God's pres-
ence, catch up anything we fancy, and run
off with it. To attempt this will end in
mere delusion and disappointment. Na-
ture will not unveil her rarest beauty to
the chance tourist. Pictures which are the
result of a life of work do not disclose their
secret loveliness to the saunterer down a
gallery. No character can be read at a
glance. And God's best cannot be ours
apart from patient waiting in His holy
presence. The superficial may be put off
with a parable, a pretty story, but it is not
given to such to know the mysteries of the
kingdom of heaven. — *Rev. F. B. Meyer.*

All we are authorized to ask God to give
us at any time is simply enough for the
present day. Even if in the evening our
last crust be eaten, and there be nothing in
store for tomorrow, we need not be afraid
nor think that God has forgotten. When
the morrow comes we may ask for the
morrow's own bread and know that God
will hear us and answer our prayer in the
right way. Let us learn that wonderful
lesson of living a day at a time—a lesson
which runs through all the Bible. It would

save us an immense amount of worry and
anxiety if we could really learn this lesson.
It is trying to carry tomorrow's burden
besides today's that breaks people down.
Anybody can do one day's tasks in a day,
or endure one day's struggle; but that is
enough for any one, all God intends one to
carry. — *Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.*

It is the earnest life after all that is need-
ed most. If you should visit the power-
house where they generate the electricity
that lights the town, you would find there a
switchboard on which two kinds of regis-
ters are set. One kind measures what is
called the amperage, or amount of electric-
ity used, and the other measures the volt-
age, or intensity of it. The light that
comes does not depend on the amperage;
the amount of electricity may be large or
small; the light depends on the voltage;
that must be kept always at the lighting
point; intensity and not quantity produces
light. It is something like that with per-
sons. Ability may be great or meagre;
ability is only the amperage. But look at
the earnestness of a man's life; that is the
voltage and determines the light. A man
may be able to do many things well and yet
lack earnestness enough to do anything
sufficiently well to shine. When Jesus
said to His disciples, "Ye are the light of
the world," He did not refer to any great
amount of truth which they possessed—
they were unlettered and ignorant men—
but He referred to the earnest way in which
the truth was held; they had left all for the
kingdom of heaven's sake. — *Rev. S. V.
Cole, D. D., in "The Life that Counts."*

A Mother's Giving

HOPE DARING.

MRS. JANE SEYMOUR hastily
pushed the bell on the door of
the shabby little house. Then she
glanced around, a look of disdainful per-
plexity on her face.

It was a suburban neighborhood, a
half-hour's ride from the city. The
houses were small and cheap looking,
with unkempt yards and a general air of
neglect which was accentuated by the
warm May sunlight.

Presently the door opened. Margaret
Leach, a sweet-faced, gentle woman of
forty, greeted her caller with warmth.

"It was kind in you, Cousin Jane, to
come way out here to find us. Have this
chair, and let me take your wraps."

Mrs. Leach had led the way to a cozy
living-room. It was simply but taste-
fully furnished. The books, pictures, and
blossoming plants gave it an air of refine-
ment.

Mrs. Seymour sank into the proffered
chair, pressing her handkerchief to her
eyes.

"To think I should find you living
like this! O Margaret! Your poor
mother! It is well that she is in heaven;
it would have broken her heart to have
seen John Leach drag her daughter down
to this."

Margaret Leach's face flushed. She
sat down and said: "Cousin Jane, no
one must speak of John to me in that
tone. He trusted Mr. McGrath, who ran

away after losing the funds of the Leach
& McGrath Lumber Company in gam-
bling. Everything—even our home—had
to go to settle honestly with the creditors.
All that was left was a small mill in this
vicinity, which Mr. McGrath made over
to John. With it came three houses—
this, and the one on each side."

"I know all this, Margaret," Mrs. Sey-
mour said, tartly. "Why didn't John
sell the miserable business? Why did he
bring you and Verna here to live?"

"The business was run-down—too
much so to put on the market. John is
confident that it can be built up, and made
not only profitable, but also a helpful fac-
tor in the life of Raymond, as this suburb
is called. We came here to live to help
him do this. We hope that our life and
our home will inspire those who live near
us to lift themselves from their present
sloth and untidiness."

Mrs. Seymour made a despairing
gesture. "You always were visionary,
Margaret. What of Verna? Have you
a right to spoil her life?"

"Verna!" and the light of mother
love glorified Margaret Leach's face. "I
trust, Cousin Jane, that our coming here
will also be a help to Verna."

"Fiddlesticks! It will make her coarse
and rude to come in contact with the
masses. Verna is twelve; in five years
she ought to enter society. It will be a
cross to me, but you know I never shirk

my duty. I will take Verna until you come back to your senses."

"O Cousin Jane, you do not understand! I thank you for your kind offer, but our trouble has set me to thinking. We were growing selfish — Verna, too. Here I am giving myself, and, in a way, my child, to others. We can do a little to lessen the world's misery. Verna shall be kept pure and happy. She shall not lose her old friends."

"Have you put her in one of these miserable schools?"

"She still goes to her old school, on Market Street. She can take and leave the car right here at our corner, under my eyes, and I always watch her do both. Cousin Jane, I love my child — love her so well that because God gave her to me I want to give service and help to others."

Mrs. Seymour was not convinced. She went in a short time, declining the invitation to stay for dinner.

That evening, after the six-o'clock dinner, the Leaches adjourned to the back yard. This was large, and had been littered with the decayed weeds of last year's growth, broken boxes, tin cans, and other rubbish. Mr. Leach had hired a man to cart all of this rubbish away and to fertilize and plough the yard. They were planning a vegetable and flower garden. As they were discussing the position of the beds, a man lounged down the back steps of the house at the right, a pipe in his mouth.

"Good evening, Mr. Green!" John Leach called.

The man who, with his two oldest sons, worked for Mr. Leach, nodded.

"Seems to me you're slickin' up," he said.

"We are going to have a garden, vegetables and flowers. Green, I am going to send a man tomorrow to cart off that rubbish in your yard. I'll have it ploughed, and you" —

"Now see here, Mr. Leach, I jest hope you'll let us be. We pay our rent, but we can't pay a cent for fancy fixin's, and we don't want it."

In vain did John Leach try to convince the other of his friendliness. At last John said, a little sharply:

"I will have the yard cleaned up and ploughed, Green, and it shall be no expense to you. You have one boy in school, and it would do him good to have a garden; but if you do not want it, I'll seed the yard."

Mr. Green retreated into the house, slamming the door. Margaret tried to smile away her husband's annoyance.

"Wait, John. The beauty of our garden will convert them."

"Well, I am going over to tell the woman who rents the other house that a man is coming in the morning to clean up the yard," and John strode off.

He soon returned to say: "Mrs. Harrow does not want the good we desire to do her, either. She is a widow with two girls, one a cripple, and she goes out washing to support them. She can't pay any more rent, and she has no time nor money for a garden. Margaret, their suspicion surprises me."

"A crippled child! John, they need our help; they need us. We must be patient."

The next forenoon Margaret went over to the Harrow house, carrying a plate of freshly-baked cookies. Her knock was answered by a weazen-faced girl of thirteen who denied her admittance.

"I heard there is a little cripple here, and I am so sorry for her," Margaret said, gently. "We are neighbors; let us be friends."

"I don't let folks in, not while ma's gone," and the girl reached out one dirty hand and swept the cookies from Margaret's pretty china plate. "Hilda'll like these," shutting the door in Margaret's face.

A week later Mr. Leach came home one night to report his first victory over the men's gruffness because of the change of management. He had praised Mark Green, the oldest son of the neighbor on their right, for the good work he was doing, and had promised him a raise in wages when his work reached a certain point of excellency.

"Margaret, tears came into the boy's eyes," Mr. Leach said. "He asked, 'Do you really mean to give us fellers a chance?' There's the making of a good workman and a real man in the boy, and I am going to lend him a hand."

The next day Margaret interviewed Mrs. Green in the back yard, quite in a neighborly fashion. The three boys were Mrs. Green's stepsons. She told Margaret that they were "good boys, only their noise and dirt do nigh 'bout drive me crazy, 'cause I'd like to be clean. I scold a lot more'n I ought."

That evening John Leach set out a bed of pansies. The plants were full grown and starred with yellow, purple, white, and amber blossoms.

Mrs. Green and Bert, the youngest boy, sat on their back steps and loudly praised the flowers. "Land sakes! It seems like livin' ag'in to see things growin'," Mrs. Green exclaimed.

Margaret saw in the house on the other side a wan little face pressed against the window. She waved her hand, and the face disappeared.

The next evening after dinner Verna went out to water the pansies. John had gone into town on an errand. Soon Margaret heard Verna call: "Mamma! Come, quick, quick!"

Margaret ran out of the back door. Verna stood in the middle of the pansy bed, holding by the arm the girl who had denied Margaret entrance to her home. The girls were struggling, and their feet were treading the pansy plants into the earth.

"She was stealing, mamma, stealing our pansies!" Verna cried. "See, she has picked nearly all the blossoms."

The girl had retained the flowers in her hand, grasping them so tightly that they were crushed. Suddenly she threw them on the ground, and said, doggedly:

"I wouldn't steal for myself — I'd die first; but there's Hilda. If you'd never walked a step in your life, and the pain in your hip made you lay awake and cry nights, I guess you'd want things. And she never has a flower!"

"Poor little Hilda!" the gentleness of Margaret's voice quieted the angry girl. "I wish we could do something to help her forget the pain and make her happy. Does she love flowers?"

"She jest does that. And I'd rather see 'em than to eat. What you goin' to do 'bout my swipin' these?"

"I am going to help you and Hilda to have some flowers of your own. What is your name?"

"Addie. You don't mean that, do you?"

Just then Addie felt a soft touch on her arm. It was Verna, who had hastened into the house to return carrying a potted primula. The fresh green leaves were topped with a half dozen umbels of rose-pink blossoms.

"It's for Hilda," Verna said, softly. "Tell her I am sorry for her."

Addie began to cry. "Oh, I'm sorry I stamped down your posies. To give that to Hilda! You must be an angel."

Addie went home carrying the primula, a picture book, and a bag of oranges.

A half hour later there came a rap at the kitchen door. Margaret opened it to find a haggard faced woman on the porch.

"I'm Mrs. Harrow. What do you mean by giving Addie the things? Do you really mean to be good to my poor children, or is it a trick to git us out of here?"

Margaret Leach leaned forward, laying one hand upon the other's arm. In the soft gray twilight it was not easy for the two women to see each other's face, but Margaret's voice carried conviction:

"Mrs. Harrow, I am a mother. By the love I bear my own child, I assure you that my sole object is to help you and yours, to bring into your lives the sunshine of joy."

Mrs. Harrow covered her face with her hands. Low, deep sobs came to Margaret's ears.

"No, I won't come in. Let us set down here. It will ease my heart to tell some one all about it."

Hilda had never walked. All that the mother seemed to know about the trouble was that "something was wrong with her hip." Mr. Harrow had died before Hilda was born, but the mother's life had been no harder since his death than before. She had grown hard and suspicious. One fear had haunted her — that Hilda might be taken from her by the authorities and placed in some public institution.

"But if she could be helped?" Margaret asked, softly.

"She can't be. There's Addie, too. It's most as hard to see her grow up, rough and ignorant, as 'tis to see Hilda. Addie's smart, but I can't give her no chance."

"Let me help you," Margaret said, laying her hand upon the other's toll-hardened one. "I cannot do much that calls for money, because we are poor, but I can help to teach your little girls and to make them happy."

"But you — why do you do it?"

"Because I long to give loving service to the dear Christ who has done so much for me."

There was a long silence. Then, brokenly, Mrs. Harrow said: "I used to serve Him, long ago. I drifted away, and since the trouble come, I've tried to make myself believe that there wasn't anything in it, but you show me that there is."

That was the beginning. The next evening Bert Green made his way over to where Mr. Leach was planting peas. Plunging his hands in his pockets, the boy began:

"I say, Mark give me fifty cents to buy seeds for our garden, and ma's goin' to give me fifty more. Seems to me it must be lots of fun to make things grow. Would you mind tellin' a feller what to buy and how to grow it?"

Those three gardens were the pride of Raymond. Addie worked faithfully in hers, and Mr. Leach and the Green boys helped her.

In the Leaches' yard a rude arbor was built. Soon fast-growing vines made it a bower of cool shade. There Hilda spent many happy hours. A church society with which Margaret was connected provided a wheel-chair for the little cripple, and thus enabled her to go about in the sunlight.

Mrs. Leach offered to let Verna hear Addie's and Hilda's lessons. She made but one restriction, and that to the older girl.

"Verna has never heard bad language, Addie. You must promise me that she shall hear nothing from you to which you think that I would object. I can trust your promise."

"You bet your life you can. Oh, there! I mean it, Mrs. Leach, but that hain't the way you would want me to say it, not before Verna. I will try to do better."

Mr. Leach persuaded Mark Green to enter a good night school. The young man had already won the promotion that John had promised him.

"If you care to stay on, Mark, and help me build up the business, I will see that you do not lose anything by it," John Leach said. "You are adapted to this work."

"I'll do that. It means so much to me—that I'm going to have a chance. And the other boys—I can soon be helpin' them."

Bert was interested in the garden, and Harry in the books that the Leaches lent him. They were less bolsterous, and Mrs. Green was so pleased that she resolutely curbed her tongue.

"A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." We all know the contagion of good. Other homes and yards were made clean. When Margaret tried to organize a Sunday-school and a mothers' club, all were interested and eager to help. Raymond was profiting by Margaret's example.

Mrs. Harrow grew to love and trust Margaret. At last the widow consented to place Hilda in a hospital. There, in six months' time, the child was cured.

Margaret's helpfulness did not stop there. She interested her old friends in the case. Baking and fine laundry work were provided for Mrs. Harrow, thus enabling her to remain at home and keep her girls in school.

What of Verna—Margaret's own? First, she had come very close to her mother. The young girl had learned to think of others, to look upon the suffering and the sorrowing as her brothers and sisters. Led by her mother's example, Verna came to taste life's sweetest joy—service.

The Help of the Commonplace

THE "refuge of the commonplace" does not sound very helpful or healing, but it is really so. When anything really hard to bear comes into the life, we find ourselves reaching out trembling fingers for little, common, every-day duties to steady ourselves by. Especially if the homely task has some helpful outlook toward another's comfort, is there personal help and comfort in it. To build a fire in the chilly grate, to set the tea-table for somebody who will be glad to find it cosy, to hunt up trains in the perplexing "Pathfinder" for the one who must go on a journey—such things, so little and so unheroic, keep many a shaken life from being a shattered one. When the stunned soul refuses to take in the comfort of great thoughts, it is still possible to take the comfort of the little duties. — *Wellspring*.

WORK-DAY PRAYERS

God of Love, God of Work! Touch me with fire!

For the dross within me, fill me with ire!
So with pure passion I cleave to my Star,
Speed my work, daily, toward the mark—far!

God of Love, God of Work! Breathe in me—air!

Blue and breeze-swept spaces brighten my care!
So each swirl of effort leave my hand calm,
So each heart meeting mine only feel—balm!

— CHARLOTTE PORTER, in *Outlook*.

When Affection Begins to Wane

THE saddest time in a woman's life is when she sees her husband's love begin to wane. This blighting of all her cherished hopes and sweetest desires may come to her suddenly in some crushing shock, but oftener she is obliged to watch with slow sickening anxiety the growing indifference of the man she loves.

Slowly, with more than her usual heaviness of motion, the woman who had been sitting alone at the dinner table arose and went to the kitchen for the gingham apron which hung behind the door. After it was buttoned she started to carry away the dishes, but changing her mind dropped into a low chair by the window. When a woman looks out at the dark, empty streets of the night with a far-away, staring gaze, there is apt to be something on her mind, but when her eyes gradually fill with tears and her mouth droops piteously, there is always a trouble in her heart.

"It is the second time this week," said the woman at the window as she folded and twisted the hem of her apron. "Oh, I almost wish we never had had that telephone put in, for then it wouldn't be so easy for him to let me know he was not coming home to dinner. He can't seem to realize that I am alone all day and look forward to our evenings together. It is hard enough to eat lunch by myself, but it is just impossible to swallow a solitary dinner—every mouthful chokes me. I wonder where he is, anyway. 'Extra work for the firm tonight,' 'Have to entertain an important buyer at dinner,' 'Going to a special business meeting'—always a new and different excuse. Well, I suppose after ten years of married life men are about the same everywhere, so perhaps I ought to make the best of the situation and finish my work."

After the milk tickets had been put out for the next morning and the back door

locked, there was a ring of the electric bell, and the dainty, pretty little married sister of the woman ran up the stairs.

"Are you alone, Nell? Ahem-mm, I thought so, quite the same old story with you every night now; and you are willing to accept it? Why, I am ashamed of you—but what have you got that faded old kimono on for at this time of the day?"

"Oh, it is more comfortable to cook in, and you know since I have grown so stout I like to have things big and loose."

"Yes, I know, slouchy and hideous because you do not care how you look; but do tell me, don't you ever try to fix up any more in the evening?"

"Oh, of course, for those rare times when Jack and I go out together; but then I never put the importance upon clothes that you do. I would rather buy pretty things for my home. Did I tell you I had managed to save \$2 every week on my grocery bill toward purchasing some new colonial dishes?"

The little woman looked down at the beautiful straight lines of her tailored skirt and then turned thoughtfully toward her sister.

"When you get those dishes I suppose you will put them away in your sideboard and use them once in six months, and in the meanwhile you will have less to eat on the old dishes. However, let us talk again about clothes. My husband would not care so much for me if I did not try to make myself attractive to him at all times. He says I look just as sweet in my own home as I do when we go out. I'll tell you what it is, you are making a mistake with Jack. Now what did you do last fall when he gave you \$40 to buy a new suit with, which he wanted especially nice because that New York friend of his was coming? You hurried downtown and bought a china cabinet, and got a suit which did not fit or become you with the money left. Didn't you? You insisted on doing all your washing and ironing this winter so you could buy a davenport for the parlor, and the result has been that two evenings each week you have been too tired to talk to Jack, but have gone right to bed."

"It is my sisterly duty to tell you that you are growing much too fat, for Jack particularly admires slender women. Why don't you diet, take long walks, or mix up in some exciting bargain scramble in the stores? You stay and mope in this flat too much, or kill time by embroidering pink roses and pulling threads out of handkerchiefs only to put them back another way. If you would do less fancy work and read more—Jack is devoted to his papers and enjoys a good novel—if you would mingle again among people, you could have something to talk about and interest your husband with when he comes home. Be more cordial with your friends; invite them to your home. Let Jack see that you are popular. Why, the other day the cold chills ran down my back when I heard a man say to another: 'My wife does not take to many people. She is reserved and exclusive.' He probably meant that many people did not take to his wife and that she was self-contained because she had nothing to give out. Before you were married you were bright and vivacious, the life of every crowd. You are a pretty woman yet—yes, you are, and you would be just stunning in snug, trim things with your hair dressed in the latest style. How would you like to have me fix it that way tonight? Take this chair by the dresser. Now cheer up; you'll win your husband back yet if you only make up your mind to be the same old girl you used to be once upon a time."

— HELEN HALE, in *Advance*.

BOYS AND GIRLS

MOTHER'S FACE

Come and sit where I can see you,
Mother dear!
I've been sick a long, long time,
'Most a year.

P'raps it is a shorter time,
Just a week;
I don't want to play or read
Or to speak.

But I want to see your face
All the time,
For it makes my thoughts go happy,
Like a rhyme.

I have counted all the figures
In my shawl;
And my head begins to swim
With the cracks upon the wall.

If you go a single minute,
Mother sweet,
Then I feel that horrid shiver
Climbing up my feet.

I love to see you sitting there,
In your old blue gown.
You are like a peaceful moon
Smiling down.

You don't need to sing to me,
Nor to lift your hand;
Oh, you have the loveliest face
In the whole wide land!

I've been sick a long, long time,
'Most a year.
Come and sit where I can see you,
Mother dear!

— Florence Wilkinson.

THE FAITH OF A CHILD

MARY ELIZABETH stroked the neck of the little white horse with timid, tentative fingers, as if she feared that at her touch this fairy steed might unfold hidden wings and fly forever beyond mortal ken. The more prosaic admiration of a fat, rosy little maid at her side voiced itself loudly, enthusiastically, but The Boy was not satisfied.

"Grandad gave him to me," he announced, proudly. Then, eyeing a downcast face keenly, he continued, tentatively: "I've the best grandfather in all this town."

Instantly every drop of blood in Mary Elizabeth's loyal heart flashed into her cheeks.

"You haven't— mine's the best," she cried.

"Huh!" retorted The Boy, scornfully. "My grandfather was a contractor in the army, an' yours is nothin' but a musician. An' we don't none of us like his pieces, neither."

Mr. Courtney Owen, a composer of classical music, in very truth fell far below the village standard of a successful man. When rumors of his somewhat more than national reputation reached the ears of his fellow-citizens, they were wont to demand of each other in wide-eyed amazement: "What in time can folks find to like in them meachin' kind o' pieces without a mite o' tune to 'em?" While the army contractor, having by more than dubious methods amassed a large fortune during the Civil War, stood high in popular esteem as a man of financial ability.

Mary Elizabeth hung her head. She herself did not much care for classical music, and her whole soul rebelled at the limitations of genius. Why, oh, why, was her grandfather unable to write such a song as the one she had heard at the circus the other day? The pathos of it had affected Mary Elizabeth to the verge of tears, and ever since the village had resounded to the plaintive strains of:

"I'll never kiss my love again
Behind the kitchen door."

"Well," faltered Mary Elizabeth at last, "maybe my grandfather isn't so smart as yours, but he's a lot kinder. Mercy, I just guess he is!" she exclaimed, inspired by a

sudden recollection. "I just guess my grandfather'd never whip me the way yours did you the day you broke the parlor window playin' ball."

She shuddered as she recalled a scene of which she had been a terrified spectator, when a furious, purple-faced man had laid his stick across The Boy's cowering shoulders.

"Pooh! that was nothin'," The Boy returned, nonchalantly; "an' anyhow, I'll bet your grandfather'd do the same to you if you broke one of his'n. But girls are such 'fraid cats they never get into mischief."

"He wouldn't!" flashed Mary Elizabeth. "I couldn't be so naughty that my grandfather wouldn't love me; if I broke every one of his windows he'd be just as kind as ever."

"Dare you to, an' double dare!" yelled The Boy, tauntingly.

For an instant Mary Elizabeth hesitated.

"'Fraid cat! 'fraid cat! You know he'd wallup you, good an' plenty!" jeered her tormentor.

Without a word Mary Elizabeth turned and led the way through the old-fashioned garden where she and Nellie Ingraham had played so happily all the summer day. They had set a trap for the brown bees in the guise of a quaint lacquered box filled with fragrant blossoms, fondly hoping to obtain thereby rich stores of luscious honey; they had made "ladies" of crimson hollyhocks, wreaths of purple larkspur, and had buried their laughing faces so deep in the hearts of the white lilies that their inquisitive little noses looked as if they had felt the golden touch of King Midas.

Now Nellie clutched the brief skirts of her friend, beseeching her with tears to desist from her rash purpose; but there was no one else to interfere, for all the grown-ups, including the servants, had gone to attend the funeral of a neighbor, as was the simple village custom.

With passionate determination Mary Elizabeth picked up a large stone and sent it crashing through one of the cellar windows. Even The Boy stood aghast as the sound of breaking glass smote the peaceful air of the deserted neighborhood. But Mary Elizabeth, her soft lips firmly compressed, continued her work of destruction with fanatical eagerness. The cellar windows were in ruins, and she had just sent a particularly heavy missile hurtling through the bow-window of the library, when the horrified countenance of Katy, the cook, who had hastened home in advance of the rest, appeared above the hedge that separated the two gardens.

"May the Lord look down in pity on us this day!" she wailed, swooping down upon the culprit and seizing her by the arm.

The Boy threw himself into his saddle and melted away as swiftly as if the little white horse had been indeed a winged Pegasus; Nellie Ingraham fled across the street, sobbing violently; while Katy hauled home her charge and locked her into the attic, a place whose dim and shadowy recesses were eminently fitted to bring the criminal to a sense of the enormity of her guilt.

But Mary Elizabeth, "her mind conscious of rectitude," remained obdurate even when confronted by a tearful mother and an irate father, although with the inarticulateness of childhood she faltered lamely in her attempt to explain the motive that had prompted the commission of her fell deed.

"O Mary Elizabeth, don't tell me that you broke those windows just because your grandfather is so kind and good that you believed he wouldn't punish you!" implored Mrs. Carr, in helpless amazement.

"If ever a child deserved a whipping it is you, Mary Elizabeth," Mr. Carr declared, sternly. "I only hope your grandfather will agree with me, but we've promised to leave your punishment to him, and he wishes to see you at once."

The culprit with downcast head retraced her steps along the box-bordered garden walks. But the tall white lilies seemed to turn aside as she passed; the crimson hollyhocks and purple larkspur no longer nodded gayly to her, begging to be gathered.

For when one has sinned even the flowers refuse consolation to the sinner, and turn toward smiling faces rather than to those from whose eyes a scalding tear may fall to dim their beauty. So Mary Elizabeth went her sorrowful way without one healing touch from the satiny petals of her fair-weather friends, and entered a white cottage, where she found the old housekeeper, hitherto one of her warmest admirers, ostentatiously sweeping up fragments of broken glass.

"It's lucky for you, miss," snorted Miss Durbin, angrily, "that there ain't no bears round here sech as there was in the time o' Elijer, fer them children that got et up was saints an' angels sot up agin a little gal that's broke the winders of the best gran'ther that ever lived on earth—him that never laid a finger on her in all her tantrums!"

"That's why I did it," said Mary Elizabeth, stonily.

Amazement banished every particle of expression from Miss Durbin's winter-apple face as she gasped, feebly: "Well, ef I die I must say—"

Then, recovering from the shock of listening to such a brazen confession of depravity, she added, with startling energy:

"I've cut a good stout switch from that willer out there, an' I've laid it handy by your gran'ther's elber, 'n ef he don't make no use of it this time, it seems as ef give up I should."

Mary Elizabeth quailed. Not that she feared the physical pain, for the blood of generations of soldiers flowed through her veins; but she felt that if she were obliged to confess to The Boy that her grandfather had failed her trust, life henceforth would be a desert. Blind and dizzy with apprehension, she crossed the hall and entered the quiet, shady room where her judge awaited her. A hand was outstretched to her as she stood trembling on the threshold.

"Now, Mary Elizabeth," said a kind old voice, "come and tell grandfather all about it."

At the sight of the shrunken figure in the great armchair, the ice that had gathered about the queer, loyal little heart gave way, and Mary Elizabeth was in her grandfather's arms, sobbing tempestuously as with a world of delicate patience he drew the story from her.

A little later Miss Durbin was displeased to hear the soothing notes of a cradle hymn wafted from the chamber of justice, where a poor little penitent, exhausted by weeping, had been laid on a worn old couch and bidden to rest, shrived and forgiven.

It was not long before the brown eyes drooped and the child slept. But from the parted lips still came deep-drawn, quivering breaths, for in her dreams Mary Elizabeth was wandering through a bleak world strewn with shattered glass that cut her tender feet, while dear familiar forms stood aloof with stern, averted faces. But as the musician played softly, steadily on, the piteous sobs ceased, and Mary Elizabeth smiled in her sleep, for to her there had come a vision of an old man resting his wrinkled cheek on the brown breast of a Cremona. In his heart was love unchangeable, and in his faded eyes the look of one who understood.—MARY BARRETT HOWARD, in *Interior*.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

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Lesson VIII --- May 20

DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST
(TEMPERANCE LESSON)

MARK 6: 14-29.

TIME. — The death of John the Baptist took place probably toward the close of A. D. 28. Herod's discussion as to who Jesus was (verses 14-16) may be dated early in A. D. 29. John's imprisonment began in December, A. D. 27.

PLACE. — Herod's capital was Tiberias, on the western shore of the Lake of Galilee. His dominion included Galilee and a considerable region on the east side of the Jordan River, known as Perea. John was imprisoned in the dungeon of Machærus, a castle in the rocky wilderness a little northeast of the northern end of the Dead Sea.

HOME READINGS. — Monday (May 14) — Mark 6: 14-29. Tuesday — Luke 3: 10-20. Wednesday — Luke 7: 19-28. Thursday — Rev. 2: 7-11. Friday — Heb. 11: 32-40. Saturday — Dan. 5: 1-19. Sunday — Isa. 28: 1-8.

GOLDEN TEXT. — "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess." — Eph. 5: 18.

Wine, which stands for all intoxicating drink, is the symbol and expression of all sensual excess. The use of wine, which tends so almost certainly to excess, and in its extreme effects so debases the body and debauches the mind and soul, is held up as a warning example to all over-indulgence of the bodily appetites and passions. These appetites and passions are not in themselves vicious; it is only their excessive indulgence that makes them vicious. Hunger and the pleasure of taste are legitimate, but gluttony is a vice. And so with every physical craving. But when excess comes, debasement begins. And the line between moderation and excess is passed when the bodily appetite instead of the reason and the conscience begins to dominate. It is excess when these appetites obtain their indulgence not by the permission and the approval of the judgment and the conscience, but simply by the strength of their own existence. Once the balance of power passes to the carnal side the natural order of life is inverted, and what should be the servant becomes the master. "Keep your body under," was Paul's wise injunction. Sensual excess keeps the body on top and the soul under. To complete the thought of the Golden Text, we must add to it the statement which immediately follows it: "but be filled with the Spirit," which means that in the soul-life there can be no excess. Paul prays that believers may be "filled with all the fullness of God" (Eph. 3: 19). An old saint exclaimed, "I am a God-intoxicated man." But the intoxication of the Spirit never leads to irrationality. It is inward illumination, a helpful stimulus of all the spiritual faculties, a fullness of life that builds up character, and that issues in rich and abundant fruits of virtues and good works. He who is filled with the Spirit keeps all the sensual appetites in subordination to and in the service of the soul, and so lives on the higher altitudes of being, in constant fellowship with God and with a happiness that is as far above that of the sensualist as spirit is superior to matter.

The Meaning Made Plain

I. Herod's Terrified Conscience (Verses 14-16). — 14 **King Herod** — Herod Antipas, son of Herod the Great and Malthace. In the partition of his father's kingdom Galilee and Perea had come to him. He was not, strictly speaking, a king, only a tetrarch (Matthew and Luke); but "the higher title was applied freely in Rome to all Eastern rulers." Our Lord regarded him as a "fox." He was a typical Eastern despot of great pretension, small ability, weak will, and lavish expenditures — a "bundle of petty vices." His participation in the closing events of our Lord's life ranks him in sacred history with Caiaphas, Annas, and Pilate. "From his royal residence on the southern shore of the lake Herod Antipas might not hear much of Jesus (who never himself went to Tiberias) until the more extended tour of the disciples recorded in verses 12, 13." **Heard of him** ["heard thereof"]. — The object of the verb, "thereof," is evidently the miracles performed by the disciples of Jesus. For his name was spread abroad ["for his name had become known"]. — By many causes, but especially through the works of His disciples; and Jesus appeared as "the hero of the whole Galilean movement." He said, That [omit "That"] John the Baptist was risen from the dead ["John the Baptizer is risen from the dead"]. — This singular conjecture started with the king's own conscience. And therefore mighty works do show forth themselves in him ["and therefore do these powers work in him"]. — Herod's guilty imagination, having raised John from the dead, expects all sorts of wonders to follow. Herod was a Sadducee by profession, and the Sadducees denied the existence of the soul after death; but a guilty conscience is stronger than creed.

15. ["But"] Others said, That [omit "That"] it is Elias ["Elijah"] — It was expected that Elijah would return to earth before "the great day of the Lord" (Mal. 4: 5). And others said, That [omit "That"] it is a prophet or as one of ["even as one of"] the prophets — a reincarnation of nobody, but a new prophet endowed with the wonder-working powers of the ancient seers. These various explanations were suggested in the vain hope of quieting Herod's conscience.

16. But when Herod heard thereof ["But Herod, when he heard thereof"]. — To all such suggestions Herod made one reply, "It is John, whom I beheaded: he is risen from the dead" ["John, whom I beheaded, he is risen"]. He broods over his crime. That the subject was frequently discussed is shown by Luke 9: 7-9, where Herod says: "John I beheaded, but who is this?" Dr. Plumptre condenses a poetic description by the Roman satirist Persius, who takes as an illustration of an evil conscience the recurring horrors of Herod on his birthday feast. In a tunny fish, served in a red porcelain dish, Herod sees again the head of the dead prophet in the charger (verse 25), and trembles and becomes ill.

II. Herod's Earlier Persecution of John and Reverence for Him (Verses 17-20). — 17. **Herod himself** . . . laid hold upon John. — He had needed no suggestion from others to do this first wrong. Bound him in prison — in the dungeon of the castle Machærus in southern Perea, east of the northern end of the Dead Sea. For Herodias' sake, his brother Philip's wife: for he had married her. — Early in his career Herod Antipas had married a daughter of Aretas, king of Arabia. On a visit to Jerusalem he became charmed with Herodias, who was then the wife of a half-

brother of his, who is mentioned in secular history as "Herod," and in the gospels as Philip, which was probably his surname. He must not be confused with Herod Philip, the tetrarch of Gaulanitis, another half-brother. Herodias left her husband and Herod Antipas left his wife, and illegally they married each other. The iniquity and absurdity of the intrigue was increased by the fact that Herodias was the niece of both of her husbands. Ambition may have entered into Herodias' love, for her first husband, Herod of Jerusalem, had been disinherited by his father, Herod the Great, while Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee and Perea, lived in the Golden House at Tiberias, and for a while had a fair show to inherit all of his father's dominions. But it is only fair to this woman to remember that she clung fast to Herod Antipas in the later days of his disgrace and ruin.

18. Omit "had." It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife. — Under the circumstances this was the lightest charge that John could possibly have brought against the tetrarch.

19. Therefore ["And"] Herodias had a quarrel ["set herself"] against him and would have killed ["desired to kill"] him; but ["and"] she could not. — Verse 20 and Matt. 14: 5 tell why. Herod's wavering attitude toward John is characteristic of a self-indulgent Oriental monarch. As for Herodias, it was a life and death question with her. If John prevailed over Herod, she was ruined.

20. Herod feared John, etc. — He respected him as the representative of God, and feared him because of his influence with the people (Matt. 14: 5). Observed him ["kept him safe"] — guarded him from the hostile intentions of Herodias. And when he heard him he did many things ["was much perplexed"], and ["he"] heard him gladly. — "The perplexity of the king arose from the conflict between his fear of John and his entanglement with Herodias. The gladness with which he heard John is a tribute which the moral sense even in bad men pays to the truth and to boldness in the utterance of it."

III. The Snare Herodias Set for Herod (Verses 21-25). — 21. **When a convenient day was come** — convenient for Herodias. "By wine, love, and the assistance of obsequious guests her irresolute husband might at last be brought to the point" (Grotius). Herod on his birthday made a supper. — Herod became famous for his birthday suppers. His lords ["and the"], high captains and chief estates ["and the chief men"] of Galilee — nobles, army officers, who would probably be foreigners, and wealthy men, native to the province.

22. **The daughter of the said** [omit "the said"] Herodias ["herself"] came in, and danced. — The Greek shows the astonishment of the people to see a princess dance. Social dancing was unknown in the

A Bad Stomach

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ancient East. Professional dancers, who by graceful and sensuous movements delighted feasters, formed a class by themselves. And — "She." Perhaps more properly "it" — the dancing.

23. Whatsoever thou shalt ask . . . unto the half of my kingdom. — He really had no kingdom, but it sounded well. "Maudlin, amorous generosity." (Compare the story of Esther.)

24. Went forth — "went out." What shall I ask? — The story, dramatic and sensuous up to this point, suddenly becomes loathsome. That a girl, guided by her mother into shameless conduct apparently for the purpose of obtaining a favor from a corrupt man, should be induced by that mother to the crime of murder, is one of the most horrible events of history. She said, The head of John the Baptist ["Baptizer"]. — Her decision was firm. Herod might do many things, might in turn hear John gladly and indulge in bacchanals, but his implacable wife through all the months had one plan in her mind — to accomplish John's ruin.

25. Straightway with haste. — If Herod were given time to become sober, he might not keep his word. Give me by and by ["forthwith give me"]. — "She and her mother knew that nothing but the king's oath would make him do a thing so contrary to his own desires." In a charger ["on a platter"]. — As if it were a luxury for the table.

IV. The Murder of John by Herod's Order (Verses 26-29). — 26. The king was exceeding sorry — annoyed, exasperated, worried, terrified, but not penitent. To kill John hurt Herod's conscience, angered the people, with whom John was a favorite, and might endanger Herod's interests in Rome, where his enemies were alert to bring charges of injustice. Besides, what unknown spiritual forces might be on the side of this holy prophet! Yet for his oath's sake. — "But for the sake of his oath." And for their sakes which sat with him ["and of them that sat at meat"] — many of whom may have been as eager for John's life as was Herodias.

27. Immediately — "Straightway." Sent an executioner — "sent forth a soldier of his guard." Commanded his head to be brought — "commanded to bring his head."

28. Brought his head in a charger ["on a platter"]. — As if it were an article of food. Jerome says that Herodias, on receiving it, pierced the tongue with a hairpin. Gave it to the damsel, and the damsel gave it to her mother. — The worst criminal of modern times might recoil from this.

"Josephus tells us that John was beheaded in the castle of Machærus, and as this was one of Herod's favorite resorts, it may well be that the feast, which was the occasion of the tragedy, took place there. And the whole story is framed on the supposition that the prison was near enough to the banquet hall to have the head brought immediately. Machærus is a ridge a mile long, overlooking a deep ravine, at one end of which Herod had built a great palace, while at the other end was the citadel in which John was confined. It is situated at the southern end of Perea, and east of the northern end of the Dead Sea. Some have supposed that Tiberias was the scene of both the feast and the execution, and others that the feast was there and the execution at Machærus. But there does not seem to be any sufficient reason for setting aside Josephus' testimony about the beheading of John, and in that case the narrative favors the supposition that the feast was in the same place. It is a piece of poetic justice that Aretas, the father of Herod's rejected wife, made war upon his faithless son-in-law, and defeated



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him so that Herod was saved only by the intervention of the Roman emperor" (Gould).

29. His disciples — John's disciples. Of it — "Thereof." They came and took up his corpse, and laid it in a tomb — and then, as we are told by Matthew, "went and told Jesus." To give decent burial to the body of a relative or friend was regarded as a most sacred duty (2 Sam. 21: 12-14; Psa. 72: 2). The body had been left by the executioner, and would probably have been treated with indignity had not the disciples cared for it.

Nails for the Teacher's Hammer

1. Those who saw Christ's works, and heard His teachings, were convinced that He was more than an ordinary man. They felt God must be with Him in a peculiar sense. They differed in particulars, but agreed in general that Jesus was in a very high sense a messenger from God. He was Elijah come again, or one of the prophets or like the prophets. In any case He was from God. Nicodemus said: "We know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that Thou doest, except God be with him." Men declared: "Never man spake like this man." And the same conviction prevails in the world about Him yet.

2. Herod illustrates how a man may have superstitious fears without religious faith. When he heard of the great works of Jesus, he said at once, out of his guilty fear: "It is John the Baptist risen from the dead." One who could believe that should have been capable of faith in the things which Jesus preached. But Herod's belief in the supernatural had no moral element in it. It was a part of his general superstition. And there are many people now who believe in many forms of the miraculous — the return of spirits from the unseen world, miraculous healing, and the like — who have really no religious faith. It is possible to believe in the existence and operations in the world of devils and angels and human ghosts, and yet be wholly irreligious and immoral.

3. The hatred of Herodias for John shows that the hardest thing to forgive is a charge of sin which is true. Herodias knew that John spoke the truth when he declared her marriage with Herod to be unlawful. But it is the disposition of guilt to wear the appearance of innocence. Those who do unlawful things would have them recognized as lawful; and a guilty person charged with guilt is likely to be more deeply offended than an innocent person so charged. Lawbreakers hate those who denounce their lawlessness.

4. Herod shows us how a man may be superficially impressed with the truth without obeying it. John's moral greatness impressed Herod and filled him with a sort of awe. He knew that he was "a just man and holy." He would not himself have imprisoned him, but did it to gratify his wife. But he listened to him even after he was made a prisoner, and "did many things and heard him gladly." Herod was a weak and wicked man who made faint attempts at making amends for his sins. But he would not repent and quit his evil life. And there are people now who have much reverence for good men and women, who seek their counsel and do many things because of their influence, who nevertheless continue in the main currents of their wickedness. They have not courage and depth of conviction sufficient to enable them to break with sin.

5. Herodias took advantage of Herod when inflamed with wine to secure from him what she could not secure from him when sober. Long before she "would have killed him; but she could not." Herod's respect and fear of John held back his wife's murderous purpose. She bided her time until in a drunken enthusiasm she was able to control the king. A man under the influence of strong drink will do many things which he would not do when sober. His judgment is unbalanced, his will is weakened, his passions are inflamed, his moral sense is benumbed. Drunkenness prepares the way for almost any crime. It is easy for the tempter to prevail when the brain is heated with wine.

Faith is for use. It is something to be kept on hand and at hand. No man can do anything with a faith that is not there, which is out of repair or temporarily mislaid. Many mental imbecilities and many moral failures are to be accounted for by the fact that somebody forgot just then to believe, failed to call upon the power of the Highest, or acted as though God were dead. God honors all drafts upon His grace when they are duly presented, being countersigned with the name of Christ, but He does not waste His grace in wandering quests for unwelcome habitats in hearts that disdain or doubt it. He that hopes in God's mercy hath, and unto him who hath faith, more and more power and blessing shall be given.

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To look over this truly magnificent work — this single volume of it covers 800 large octavo, double-columned, closely-printed pages — gives one a new idea of the dimensions of the musical world. The plan is most complete and comprehensive. The contributors include very many of the best names in this department, in many lands. The portraits in the present volume are 24, and among them are Handel, Haydn, Gounod, Grieg, Grist, Halevy, Clara Louise Kellogg, Jenny Lind, Franz Liszt, and Pauline Lucca. The principal articles, besides those on these and similar personalities, comprise papers on Libraries and Collections of Music, Libretto, Lyric, In vertible Counterpoint, Instrumentation, Hymns, Histories of Music, Hidden Fifts, Harpsichord, Harmony, Harmonium, Greek Music, Glee, Fugue, Form, Fingering, Festivals. The contents runs from F. to L. It would seem that no thorough-going musician could afford to be without this work.

HEALTH AND THE INNER LIFE: An Analytical and Historical Study of Spiritual Healing Theories, with an Account of the Life and Teachings of P. P. Quimby. By Horatio W. Dresser. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York. Price, \$1 35, net.

The book is largely devoted to an exposition of the Quimby philosophy, based on a study of his manuscripts and on the account of his cures given by his followers. This Quimby was born in Lebanon, N. H., Feb. 16, 1802, and died in Belfast, Me., Jan. 16, 1868. He practised mesmerism for quite awhile, and then developed the doctrine of mental healing, having become convinced that "disease was an error of the mind," having anticipated Mrs. Eddy in this, as also in the use of the term "Christian Science," which she has made so popular. Mr. Dresser explains that by "health" he means "a sound mind in a sound body," and by "inner life" he means "the mental experience of man in so far as it involves practical beliefs and active attitudes." He gives a somewhat valuable summary of the fundamental postulates of the general theory of spiritual healing, and shows what are its relations to Psychology, Hypnotism, Faith Cure, Christian Science, Mental Science, Metaphysical Healing, and the New Thought, all of which seem to be closely allied. He says: "Life is, through and through, one. Disease is not an affliction sent upon mankind. Sin is not due to a 'fall,' or to the machinations of an evil spirit. Action and reaction are equal. As we sow, we reap. The struggle of life is due to our own ignorance, and to the misuse of powers inherently good. To be set free by spiritual truth is to see that life springs from a single Source, that it becomes one and harmonious for us when we enter into adjustment with the guidances of the omnipresent Wisdom. Every one has the possibility of thus entering into oneness with God. The clue to this adjustment is the Christ spirit, the ideal which the life of Jesus exemplified."

MENTAL HEALING. By Leander Edmund Whipple. Fifth Edition, revised and enlarged, with portrait of the author. The Metaphysical Publishing Co.: New York. Price, \$1 50, net.

The author says that ten years of time have been expended upon the writing of this book, and ten years given to constant study, teaching, and practical healing before the writing was begun. It was first published in 1893. And this book is only the first of an extended series, all of which will be required adequately to set forth the profound and immensely important prin-

ciples (as the writer thinks) which underlie his system. He is principal of the "American School of Metaphysics," 500 Fifth Ave., New York, where a practical course of seventeen lessons is given in metaphysical healing for \$25, "in clubs at reduced rates," "the only complete and comprehensive system yet offered to the public." The book next in succession to "Mental Healing" is "Mind and its Forces," to be had at \$3 and \$5, according to binding, "a superb book, absorbingly interesting." This man is, if we understand him and can trust his own statements, performing "a nobler work for the human race than has ever before been exhibited to the world." He says, however: "It is not yet within the scope of mental action to set a broken bone of important size which is so far displaced that mechanical appliance is necessary for support." It is well to note that little word "yet," and the intimation that if the bone is not of large size the services of the surgeon are needless. That the state of the mind has much to do with bodily conditions is clear enough, and so is the fact that these metaphysical healers claim too much and take themselves too seriously. That they make a good deal of money can easily be believed; also that they perform many cures when the conditions are favorable.

SOME TRINITARIAN FORGERIES. Stated by a Monothelst. The Grafton Press: New York. Price, \$1, net.

It would have been much better if the author had had the courage to put his name on the title-page, in making so savage an onslaught on the belief of Christendom. "Forgeries" is a very bitter, trenchant word, and hardly applies to the case in strictness; for the dictionary defines it as "the act of materially altering, with intent to defraud, any writing which if genuine might be of legal efficacy or the foundation of legal liability." This does not define the character of the New Testament documents; but the choice of the word indicates the violent, ruthless nature of the onslaught. Most of its force is derived from the changes made in the Revised Version, for in the Revision — as at 1 John 5: 7, Phil. 2: 5, Acts 7: 59, 20: 28, 1 Tim. 3: 16, Rom. 9: 5 — the translators, yielding to evidence and their reverence for truth, have distinctly diminished the trinitarian force of the passages, or removed it altogether. The main argument for the true Deity of Jesus Christ does not rest, however, upon these passages, and even if the author's contentions were largely granted, there would be no necessity for revising our creed. He only touches a small part of the subject. We agree with him that there has been in the past, and still is to a very lamentable degree, a lack of genuine, thoroughgoing honesty on the part of very many upholders of orthodoxy, in their treatment of the Scriptures. They proceed on the principle that the end justifies the means, and that since the cause is so good it does not much matter whether the argument is exactly fair or the logic sound, or the tactics straightforward. This is trying to serve heaven in the livery of the devil, and should be everywhere unsparingly condemned. In the long run it terribly harms the cause it was designed to uphold. Sterling honesty must never be jeopardized on any account.

THE PORTREEVE. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, \$1 50.

Readers of "The Secret Woman," "The American Prisoner," "Children of the Mist," and Mr. Phillpotts' other Devonshire tales, will expect something strong and strange, and will not be disappointed. The author has come to take high rank as a novelist, and a new book from him is an event. He knows Dartmoor and the Devon

woods. The beauty and grandeur of the scenery of this part of England are woven into a very charming background for his stories, and one does not care to pass hurriedly over the descriptions, for they are very finely done. He knows human nature, also, well. His men and women throb with the elemental passions, are alive with thought and action, and work out their destinies according to the great laws of life. In the present volume — which we are disposed to think the author's best — two women love one man, and two men love one woman; so there are complications and long contentions for possession. All is artistically managed, save that the outcome hardly seems in accord with probability, and is a flat flouting of simplest justice. The chief female personage is one of the most devilish ever introduced into narrative, yet no punishment for her infernal deeds is meted out to her. She is the happiest and most triumphant individual in the book; while the hero, the Portreeve himself, who is represented as most religious, is ruined by her in body, mind and soul. That such things do occur sometimes in life, constituting the dark and trying providences that puzzle the believer, may be admitted; but we do not enjoy their contemplation, whether in fact or fiction. The book is certainly out of the common, and will give rise to much debate. The characters are powerfully drawn, and there is much truth set down here and there in the pages. But whether the general influence of so dark an outcome and so pronounced a victory for Satan is wholesome, may well be questioned.

THEIR HUSBANDS' WIVES. Harper's Novellettes. Edited by William Dean Howells and Henry Mills Alden. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.

The novelettes included in this volume are six, namely: "Eve's Diary," by Mark Twain; "Covered Embers," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "Life's Accolade," by Abby Meguire Roach; "The Bond," by Emery Pottle; "The Eyes of Affection," by George Hibbard; and "The Marriage Question," by Grace Ellery Channing. The six women portrayed, while very different in many characteristics, are a good deal alike in that down deep in their hearts wifely devotion abides; while there is friction, misun-

Repairing Brain A Certain Way By Food

Every minister, lawyer, journalist, physician, author or business man is forced under pressure of modern conditions to the active and sometimes over-active use of the brain.

Analysis of the excreta thrown out by the pores shows that brain work breaks down the phosphate of potash, separating it from its heavier companion, albumen, and plain common sense teaches that this elemental principle must be introduced into the body anew each day, if we would replace the loss and rebuild the brain tissue.

We know that the phosphate of potash, as presented in certain field grains, has an affinity for albumen, and that is the only way gray matter in the brain can be built. It will not answer to take the crude phosphate of potash of the drug shop, for nature rejects it. The elemental mineral must be presented through food directly from Nature's laboratory.

These facts have been made use of in the manufacture of Grape Nuts, and any brain worker can prove the value of the proper selection of food by making free use of Grape Nuts for ten days or two weeks. Sold by grocers everywhere (and in immense quantities). Manufactured by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

derstanding, even temporary revolt and defiance, in the end the duty triumphs, the love prevails. The tone of all the stories is most wholesome, and some important lessons as to the principles on which married happiness depends are incidentally inculcated.

SILAS STRONG, EMPEROR OF THE WOODS. By Irving Bacheller. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.50.

The motto on the title page is: "And a little child shall lead them." The author says, as his Foreword: "The book has one high ambition. It has tried to tell the sad story of the wilderness itself—to show, from the woodsman's view-point, the play of great forces which have been tearing down his home and turning it into the flesh and bone of cities. Were it to cause any reader to value what remains of the forest above its market-price and to do his part in checking the greed of the saws, it would be worth while—bad as it is." He says: "It is in no sense a literary performance. It pretends to be nothing more than a simple account of one summer's life, pretty much as it was lived, in a part of the Adirondacks." This being the case, there is not very much more to say about the book, except that it bears the marks of the author's pleasing style, but does not afford much opportunity in the way of plot. The claim made by the publishers that "it is the best and strongest story Mr. Bacheller has yet written," we cannot endorse. How could it be, under the above-mentioned circumstances? "Uncle Silas" is a philosopher of the woods, who says some good things, and there is a pretty love story of a simple sort interwoven. It is in no sense the equal of "Eben Holden."

THE ELEMENTS OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR. With Suggestions for Composition Work. By Albert Le Roy Bartlett, A. M., and Howard Lee McBain, A. M. Silver, Burdett & Co.: New York. Price, 60 cents.

A decided contribution to grammar school text-books. The method is thoroughly inductive. The entire subject is presented in an orderly and logical method. The treatment is characterized by simplicity and clearness. The discussions and explanations are adequate, yet easily within the grasp of the pupil. The exercises are for both analytic and constructive work, the illustrative material being chosen for the most part with regard not only to its appropriateness, but to its fine literary quality. The basic principles of the science of grammar are well described, without detailed discussion of its finer technicalities and hairsplitting niceties.

SELECTED POEMS AND TALES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Charles Marshall Graves. Silver, Burdett, & Co.: New York. Price, 50 cents.

It may be, as the editor says, that, "the life of Poe is, of all American men of letters, the most interesting to study." But it is unquestionably one of the most disgraceful, and, to many minds, the shame of it decidedly detracts from the interest. According to a statement which this editor himself quotes, "Poe was a very devil when drunk; he would just as soon lie down in the gutter as anywhere else." And as he was drunk very frequently, there were decided drawbacks to his companionship. This little volume, besides supplying a bibliography, chronological outline, biographical and critical introductions and copious notes, gives thirty of his chief poems, including: "The Raven," "Annabel Lee," "Upland," "The Bells," "Lenore;" and five of his tales—"Morella," "Fall of the House of Usher," "Masque of the Red Death," "Eleanora," and "The Gold Bug." Poe was born in Boston in 1809, and died in Baltimore in 1849.

CHATWIT: THE MAN TALK BIRD. By Philip Verill Migneis. Illustrated by the Author. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.50.

The story of a magpie who learns "man-talk" while in captivity, and escapes to the wilds to astonish beasts and birds alike with his weird accomplishment. Chatwit leads a chequered life, matching his wit and cunning against the forest creatures who are leagued against him. Other characters in the story are the mountain-lion, the bear, the coyote, the buzzard, etc. Their plots and counterplots have a strangely human interest. One gets attached to the bird as the story proceeds, and is glad that he wins his way triumphantly through the various adventures, and, after the death of many mean enemies who seek to kill him, lives to a happy, contented old age, being restored to the company of the human creatures who had learned to love him and whom he loved.

Magazines

—The *Nineteenth Century and After* for April is unusually confined to purely British and local topics, such as "Parliamentary Procedure," "Enlargement of the House of Commons," "Admiralty Policy," "The Insularity of the English." The most important paper, opening the number, is by J. Ellis Barker on "The Future of Anglo-German Relations." The writer is what would be called an alarmist. He considers that Germany is preparing with feverish haste for a naval struggle with Great Britain, and that the tension between the two countries is bound to increase to the breaking point unless Germany shows, by deeds, not words, that she means to steer her ship of state in another direction. He thinks a few years will decide the fate of Europe and perhaps of the world—will decide whether Germany shall rule, or Great Britain. (Leonard Scott Publication Co.: New York.)

—The *Popular Science Monthly* for May devotes 27 pages to publishing Andrew Carnegie's recital address delivered to the students of St. Andrew's, Oct. 17, 1905, on "A League of Peace." The editorial notes this month are of unusual interest, taking up the "Niagara Problem," "The Report of President Elliot," the "Tomb of James Smithson," and the "Growth of the State Universities in the Central West." The figures in this last subject are startling. They show a sevenfold increase in twelve years at the University of Illinois, and almost as great a record in Minnesota and Wisconsin. The figures for the four leaders are: Michigan, 4,521; Minnesota, 3,940; Illinois, 3,635; Wisconsin, 3,083; or a total of 15,179. The four leaders in the East are: Harvard, 5,233; Columbia, 4,755; Cornell, 3,871; and Yale, 3,477; giving a total of 17,336. The future is with the West as to numbers. But the greatness of a university is not measured by its size. The Johns Hopkins, with 688 students, has on its faculty 80 of our leading men of science; Illinois has only six. (Science Press: New York.)

—The *May McClure's* begins with the opening number of a new series of tales by Rudyard Kipling, under the general title, "Robin Goodfellow: His Friends"—tales of the old Roman occupation of Britain supposed to come to light through the ministrations of Robin Goodfellow, or Puck, king of the fairies; they are mainly for children. Carl Schurz continues his "Reminiscences;" Burton J. Hendrick begins some articles on "Life Insurance;" George Edward Woodberry writes of Milton; and there are several entertaining stories. The reading matter fills 112 pages, and the advertisements 168. (S. S. McClure Co.: New York.)

—The quarterly *Forum* for April-June, besides its usual reviews of affairs, has three general articles—one on Dr. Hill's edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets;" one on "An Effort to Suppress Noise," wherein Mrs. Isaac L. Rice gives an account of the steam-whistling nuisance, the harm it does, and the progress of the endeavor to abate it; and a third on "Japan's Policy in Korea," by Count Okuma, who shows the close connection between the two countries and the absolute necessity for Japan's safety that she take the steps she has taken and is taking. (Forum Publishing Company: New York.)

—The *Garden Magazine* for May is crowded with such things as every gardener ought to know and is sure to be interested in. Among the articles are these: "Flowers after the Fall Frosts," "The Art of Growing Exhibition Chrysanthemums," "Growing Gourds for Fun," "Unusual Tomatoes for Preserves and Pickles," "The Most Fragrant Annual Flowers," "Tomatoes as a Wall Fruit," "Superior Home Grown Grapes." (Doubleday, Page & Co.: New York.)

—*Pearson's* for May has a good list of articles. The opening one is by Mr. James Creelman, who has left newspaper work to give himself exclusively to this periodical. He writes on "Tragedies of the System." Going below the surface of the great life insurance scandal, he pictures the destruction of men who have dared to oppose the iniquities that went on, especially of Mr. William Henry Beers, once president of the New York Life, ousted to make way for McCall. Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth has another of her "Little Mother Stories" about the prisoners. Martin M. Foss describes the University of Chicago; and Herbert N. Casson tells about the "Astounding Development of the Automobile Industry in America." (Pearson Publishing Co.: New York.)

—*Lippincott's* for May contains a strong detective novelette called "The Strange Case of Dr. North," together with nine capital short stories, and Rupert Hughes' new comedy complete in one act, "She Borrowed her own Husband." There are also intimate personal recollections of President Lincoln by Mrs. General Pickett. (J. B. Lippincott Company: Philadelphia.)

—*Everybody's Magazine* for May takes justifiable pride in its unusually strong array of contributions. It opens with the first of Lindsay Denison's articles on "Making Good at Panama." There is a crushing reply to Mr. J. Ogden Armour on the "Condemned Meat Industry," by Upton Sinclair, in which the latter says: "I know that in the statements quoted above Mr. Armour willfully and deliberately states what he absolutely and positively knows to be falsehoods." The lie has seldom been more directly given in modern literature. "The Coal Trust, the Labor Trust, and the People who Pay," is well treated again. T. W. Lawson writes on "Fools and Their Money." "The Spoilers" is concluded. The new President of France is excellently set forth. "The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman" will touch many hearts. The 160 pages of advertisements, as well as the 140 of reading matter, would seem to show that this magazine is at the head of the bunch. (Ridgway-Thayer Co.: Union Square, New York.)

—The *American Illustrated Magazine* for May begins "The Mystery," by Steward Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams, which it calls the best adventure novel since "Treasure Island." It contains, also, the "Personal Story of a Russian Revolutionist," and an account of Wu, the personality behind the Chinese boycott. The number concludes with an editorial on "The Man with the Muck-Rake," directed against the exposure movement which has helped the circulation of other magazines so much, and also helped the country so much, it seems to us, but which the *American* thinks very poorly of. (Colver Publishing House: New York.)

—The *May Century* is most emphatically a garden number. It begins with the gardens of Cornish, a small New Hampshire town, then goes on with "The Garden of the Sun," or route notes in Sicily, by William Sharp. Later comes "The Old Garden at Mount Vernon;" a poem on "The Garden," by Hildegard Hawthorne; the "Training of the Human Plant," by Luther Burbank; "An Ancient Garden;" and "Where to Plant What," by George W. Cable. A very seasonable array of contributions. (Century Company: New York.)

—*Harper's Bazar* for May spreads, as usual, a very entertaining table. Among the many articles of interest we note: "The Servant Question in Germany," "Spring Salads," "Simple Ailments of Children," "Sun Dials," "Social Usages at the National Capital," "Chinese Embroidery on Linen," "The Up-to-date Nursery," "Effective Summer Gowns," "Queen Alexandra's Floating Home," in other words, the royal English yacht. (Harper & Brothers: New York.)

Conference Aftermath

THE DECLINE OF METHODISM IN NEW ENGLAND

REV. CHARLES A. CRANE, D. D.

An address delivered before the New England Conference in Malden, April 5.

THE history of the church is the ebb and flow of triumph. In one period she sweeps all before her in mighty revival. In another she seems to retreat, but it is only to gather greater strength. In these latter periods much worthless material sloughs off and leaves her in better fighting condition than before. The decline of Gideon's Army from 23,000 to 300 was an actual increase of its fighting power; so in the apparent decline of Methodism in New England, the church is rid of very much waste and worthless material which has clogged the wheels of her progress. I do not believe there is any actual decline in the fighting force of our church. We may be moulting, but feathers are not our specialty. There are many green and fruitful fields from which the seed may be scattered to the barren fields about us. Many of our churches are doing aggressive, steady and successful work. In other places Zion languishes, and the people have lost heart.

If there is nothing to distinguish us from other churches, let us abandon our work and unite with those churches which are now the objects of our envy, if any such there be. Our rules, our polity and our doctrines ought to distinguish us from others. Our task, also, must make us peculiar if we work it. What is it? Saving men from sin and from the eternal burnings. Can we win and not work it? God forbid! He does. To save men do we care enough to sacrifice money and time and place and power? If not, we ought to shut up shop. We can conquer any country on earth if we will preach our doctrine, keep our rules, and work our machinery. Here we are at the very confluence of the races of men, which are pouring in upon us and which will flood us out, not only of New England, but of the whole country, if we do not give them the simple Gospel.

And yet many of us act as if that Gospel were for the suburbs only; and so the Methodist tents have pulled up their stakes in congested Boston, and have silently sneaked out to the green fields where ease and comfort and luxury live, and we have left the human rats for any dog to vex or kill. We have abandoned these peoples without a struggle or a sigh, that they may be peeled by any who can work their superstitions. All peoples here pour through our gates, and we have come to the conclusion that local preachers are antiquated, whereas the Socialists and many another company have taken up this powerful weapon and with it are winning famous victories. Some of us have abandoned class meetings, while Baptists, Congregationalists and Presbyterians are drilling their young people in them.

Do you men think that these peoples will be won with a mere entertainment in which you yourself are chief part of the audience? Brethren, we have got to win these new comers, or this land will be overrun with spiritual ruin — and that means all other kinds of ruin. If we fail to win them, they will honeycomb and riddle us worse than the Goths and Vandals ever scooped up and out ancient Rome; and we will deserve it, for a people who will not protect their own will be robbed of it. Already they have left us but the vestiges of a sacred

Sabbath. Aided by a venal press, always for sale, they have turned our holy day into a holiday, and only yesterday in Chicago 35,000 held a mass meeting protesting against the prospect of the State laws being enforced. If our Gospel cannot reach these men, they will not only strangle our church, but the republic itself, for no republic can long have safe, popular freedom with a public conscience debauched. These people are the easy victims of any demagogue who will promise that they shall be "bigger, busier and better" — at what it matters not. They are the ready dupes of any alleged religion that flatters their vanity and trades upon their credulity. By the divinity of these men, and by the Deity of Jesus Christ, we must save them from the pit toward which they go. Our appointments are to martyrdom, and the preacher who hesitates to lay down his life in this warfare ought to resign before next Monday night. How dare we think of being in the ministry of self sacrifice and seek for self-advancement? We must win or go down, but we will not go down. Thank God we are sorely pressed and loaded beyond the Pilmoill mark and are driven by severest necessity, for we will win or die; and if we fail we ought to die, for no church ever had a better or more preachable Gospel, a purer set of doctrines, a wiser code of rules, or a more glorious Saviour.

We must stand by our own people, our own rules, and our doctrines, and work at our own job, and victory is as sure as day. But to do this we must quit courting the world and flirting with other churches. If we Methodists act on the same principles and are moved by the same motives with worldly men, as the Lord liveth, we shall have the same reward. "Conformed to this world" is the handwriting on the walls of Methodism where they have fallen down. This is the story of our desolation and our shame, and here is the secret of our seduction by the father of lies. Too often in business, fashion and politics we have tried in some places to follow the world, the flesh, the devil, and verily we received our reward. Some of us have become afraid to be singular, and have tried to lit ourselves up and gain influence through worldly means, and then we moan and wonder because we have lost our power. The world knows consistent living and makes obeisance to it. It reveres the upright Christian and despises the crooked and wobbling imitation. It has a fine contempt for men who sacrifice Christian principles and break their solemn vows for worldly policy and social ambition. It may use such a man, but it will not trust him. The world honors a fanatic more than it does a traitor. It prefers a pugilist to a coward. Methodists never make a sadder mistake, a more pitiable blunder, than when they break their vows, hoping to please worldly men. When Methodists desert their altars for the dance, the theatre, and the card table — all of which our rules condemn, and all of which are rank with a malodorous history — they advertise their shame and draw the eyes of the world to broken vows, to lost religion shipwrecked on a foible, and make a spectacle of a goodly company of ex-saints who once swore to renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of this world — a company now seeking refreshment and comfort in the house of the enemy. Following the maxims and the rules of men and looking for pleasure in the pits and pools that delight the self-

ish, what wonder that "Ichabod" is sometimes seen written on the fallen walls of Methodism, and who is surprised that power is gone out from such a people? Such Methodists get what they go after. They went after the world, its pleasures, its fashions, its politics, its rewards and its applause, and that is all they have. If we ridicule God's plan of carrying on His work, what have we remaining but ridicule? Some of us laugh at tithing, and wisely shake our heads at revivals, and our treasures are pinched and our altars are deserted. A world which once feared us now counts us a joke. Have you seen a preacher in this generation of whom the politicians are afraid?

A particular trouble here in New England — in spots — is this: Too many Methodists do not believe Methodist doctrine. They remind me of a Democrat who always votes a Republican ticket. He swears he is sincere, but he does not understand his job. Too many break and openly throw contempt upon rules they voluntarily vowed to obey. Too many are forever apologizing for Methodists being on the face of the earth. As for myself, I was brought up to be proud of the Methodist Church — her rules, doctrines, polity and people — and I always am until I see some weak kneed Methodist trying to imitate a Unitarian, or a Papist, or an Eddyite. Then my pride turns to shame. If we are to have an army in which the soldiers are ashamed of their cause, their commanders, their country and their God, will you tell me how they will ever win a victory except for the enemy? If I did not thoroughly believe in the doctrines and rules of my church, I would leave it before morning. I am proud of her history, her character and her promise, and I shout with joy to

ONE IN THREE

Every Third Person Poisoned By Coffee

It is difficult to make people believe that coffee is an absolute poison to at least one person out of every three, but people are slowly finding it out, although thousands of them suffer terribly before they discover the fact.

A New York hotel man says: "Each time after drinking coffee I became restless, nervous and excited, so that I was unable to sit five minutes in one place, was also inclined to vomit and suffered from loss of sleep, which got worse and worse."

"A lady said that perhaps coffee was the cause of my trouble, and suggested that I try Postum Food Coffee. I laughed at the thought that coffee hurt me, but she insisted so hard that I finally had some Postum made. I have been using it in place of coffee ever since, for I noticed that all my former nervousness and irritation disappeared. I began to sleep perfectly, and the Postum tasted as good or better than the old coffee, so what was the use of sticking to a beverage that was ruining me?"

"One day on an excursion up the country I remarked to a young lady friend on her greatly improved appearance. She explained that some time before she had quit using coffee and taken Postum. She had gained a number of pounds, and her former palpitation of the heart, humming in the ears, trembling of the hands and legs, and other disagreeable feelings, had disappeared. She recommended me to quit coffee and take Postum, and was very much surprised to find that I had already made the change."

"She said her brother had also received great benefits from leaving off coffee and taking on Postum Food Coffee."

"There's a reason."

know that there are many places right here in New England where she is winning victories. Not much bugle and banner and blatant horn, but steady and sure progress in mining and sapping the fortress of the enemy. We preachers hold the keys of heaven for the multitudes who are all around us, the keys to heaven here and now, to politics and business, and if we refuse to use these keys, may God Almighty have mercy on our souls if He can! If you do not want to keep our rules, why vex us with your disturbing presence? What army can gain a victory if every little private may march or drill or refuse as fancy dictates? Promising to keep our rules and then deliberately breaking them, simple honesty would dictate that you retire from the church with which you cannot walk. If you cannot preach our doctrines, then in the name of God and common sense quit preaching until you find a church with which you can agree. If a house divided against itself cannot stand, how can a church preaching conflicting doctrines ever hope to live? If you cannot work with our machinery, get hold of some other where you can work. Don't stop the car because you don't like the color of the coach or the personal appearance of the engineer.

If we will but live our doctrines, and keep our rules, and work our machinery, and not try to imitate our neighbors, we can evangelize New England in three years, and start a new Reformation that will shake this fad ridden commonwealth from the confessional of the Papist to the hospital of the Eddylite.

People's Church, Boston.

FIFTY YEARS OF WORK FOR REFORM

THE first afternoon meeting connected with the New England Southern Conference was devoted to Temperance. The speaker was Rev. Joseph H. James, of Rockville, Conn., who has spent a half century in the ministry, and for sixteen years has served the Connecticut Temperance Union. He had been asked to speak of "Fifty Years of Work for Reform," and made it "a study of the value and limitations of means and methods employed in reform work." Starting with the statement that all successful effort in this direction had been marked by co-operation and concentration, he illustrated his proposition largely by facts in regard to the work in his own State. Such co-work involves "compromise," in the right sense, "taking what you can get, with no thought of abandoning what you have not yet attained." The enforcement of law is worth while, even the wrong license law when it would restrain the drink traffic and close some saloons, for "the closing of one saloon by process of law is the earnest and the pledge of the closing of the last saloon by process of law." The Law and Order League of Connecticut had been wonderfully successful. Out of it came a "patent" "State police," under which, at the expense, not of local people, but of the State, officials not dependent on local votes detect and punish crime. The success of the scheme was seen in the fact that the first year 313 prosecutions resulted in 303 convictions. Expenses of the year were \$14,000, of which defendants paid back to the State \$10,500 in fines and costs.

In united efforts for legislative work 33 bad bills were turned down, and 48 laws meant to promote morality were passed in the two sessions of the legislature just past. In this work different organizations took part, and many individuals of all parties aided, under the lead of the State Union. This work was possible because in the

effort for "clean politics," of 290 members, 195 were favorably inclined toward morals. Their election was largely the result of the combined effort of friends of order. The young citizens are taught to be "loyal, intelligent, clean, and brave," and the G. A. R. and its related societies join in this work. Drunkards are now too generally sent to the county jails, which foster rather than check intemperance, vice, and crime. They ought to be "certain of arrest, have the least punitive treatment consistent with probable reformation, imprisonment separate from other criminals if any imprisonment, and the most judicious moral and medical care." The new probation system (another result of combined effort) is doing good, "rescuing many drinkers." The "temperance education" plan of the W. C. T. U. was praised. Compelled by some who were dissatisfied with the strict law to submit to change, the teachers and reformers joined hands and got what educators call "the best law in any State" relating to this subject. Friends of the cause are seeking to increase the interest of teachers in this work, and thus reach the "true result of such teaching—the formation of the purpose of total abstinence." The press of the State respects the State Union and its secretary, Mr. H. H. Spooner, and in the lobby he is a power because behind him are the best people, without regard to sect or party.

The work of the Prohibition Party was briefly reviewed. The active workers were warmly commended for their devotion to a high ideal, but it was "reluctantly confessed that the party, as such, had not promoted the massing of temperance forces or apparently materially helped the cause." John G. Woolley was quoted as speaking highly of the Anti Saloon League as "the most sane, safe and successful application of the prohibition doctrine that the world has ever known." This is in line with the anti slavery movement, which was used as "suggestive," and the "Union" in Connecticut was moving on the same lines before the League was thought of.

Ministers were urged to seek to elevate public opinion, especially by rallying people for local and State betterment, and for measures needed and feasible. An illustration of the power of public sentiment was borrowed from the late Bishop Simpson. It represented this power as a mighty electric "battery" by which President Lincoln was able to melt the shackles from 7,000,000 of slaves. In closing, real "consecration" was urged as the great essential to successful reform work.

A CALL ON THE N. H. CONFERENCE SESSION

REV. EDWARD W. VIRGIN.

DEAR me! How many years young I am! This was impressed upon me as I made a visit to the New Hampshire Conference. Entering the audience room of Garden St. Church, Bishop Mallalien was holding forth his evangelistic campaign literature as alert and aggressive apparently as when he stumped the country for John C. Fremont for President in the Free Soil campaign in 1856. I am not surprised at his youthful vigor when I recall his father and mother at Millbury, Mass. I had followed him in my own and his first charge in the New England Conference at Gratton Centre, and his parents were well up to the nineties and not a gray hair in their heads in 1860.

Rev. Silas Quimby, in his thirtieth year as secretary of the Conference, was at his table. He gave me some genealogical points on the Quimbys, or how to find them

in the Massachusetts State Library. My father's mother was Elizabeth Quimby, of Hawk, N. H.

Bishop John W. Hamilton presided with ease and dignity, gave the brethren free rein in speaking, and yet put the business along satisfactorily.

At a lull in the session, with several others, we were introduced to the Conference. Rev. D. W. Downs said: "I have been preaching in Chichester, and I have heard of you as father of a little chapel enterprise on the plains east of Concord, when you were a student at the Biblical Institute in that city." Let me turn back the leaves. How well I remember that first venture! On a bright, sunny, spring Sabbath morning in 18.9, with Revs. L. A. Bosworth and Fred T. George, I went across the Merrimac River bridge, out over the plains, fragrant with abounding arbutus, and the air vocal with song of robin and bluebird, to a little red schoolhouse, where services were held. The text was, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come," etc. One brother exhorted, and all prayed. Mr. Bosworth preached in the afternoon from the text: "Awake, thou that sleepest!" With exhortation, invitation and prayer, some one started for the kingdom. On the next Sunday the schoolhouse fort was held by the Second Adventists, and our service was held in a neatly-swept and plank-seated barn floor belonging to Mr. Holt, and now a small chapel is the preaching place.

Rev. Otis Cole said: "I boarded with your mother when at school at Wilbraham when your hair was black as a coal and we had to take turns as chaplain at the table and family prayers."

Rev. Noble Fisk, of Moultonville, near Lake Ossipee, said: "You married me a good many years ago at Shelburne Falls, Mass., and I recall the Pelton family who joined the church and were members of William Butler's first church in the New England Conference."

Rev. D. J. Smith, one of the fathers and leaders in the Conference, was steward of the boarding club at the Biblical Institute when I was there.

Rev. D. C. Knowles, of Tilton Seminary, and father of the poet, Frederic Lawrence Knowles, whom I had known at Wesleyan and as pastor at Malden, brought to me the present president of the W. C. T. U., for New Hampshire, who said: "I joined the church when you were pastor at South Boston. I now live at East Haverhill, N. H., where my husband is postmaster and keeps a store."

Rev. H. H. Hartwell leaned upon his crutch when called as a superannuate: "I am among the eighties, and live with my son." In 1860 he was a popular revivalist preacher and called for in many directions.

Father Norris, in urging Laconia as the place for holding the next session of the Conference, told of finding the first dollar for our church in a keyhole in the door where he went to hold service.

The addresses on Thursday afternoon on civic righteousness, or how to hold up the Salem race-track as far as any gambling is

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concerned, were models in law and gospel.

Prof. Beller, of our School of Theology in Boston, gave, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons, most interesting addresses on ministerial equipment, and wrought for self and cause good service.

I must not trespass further on your space except to say that I found ZION'S HERALD the first paper, with its prominent frontispiece of April 11, on the centre table in the pleasant home where I was entertained—that of a member and officer in

Garden St. Church, Elmer Dorman.

One of the youthful old-timers, a former member of New England Conference, and stationed at some of our best charges, reminded me of the campaign at Chicopee Falls and Shelburne Falls, when Mrs. Maggie Van Cott was the evangelist, our so called Bishop Boanerges.

An interesting memorial service was held at the cemetery for Rev. C. U. Dunning, who was for so many years the faithful and efficient city missionary of Lawrence.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC

Serving by Example

Sunday, May 20

REV. MATTHIAS S. KAUFMAN, D. D.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

- May 14. The work of salt and light. Matt. 5: 13-16.
 May 15. That the Gentiles may glorify God. 1 Pet. 2: 11, 12, 15.
 May 16. Conduct governed by the needs of others. 1 Cor. 8: 10, 13.
 May 17. The demonstration of discipleship. John 13: 35.
 May 18. Without rebuke among men. Phil. 2: 15.
 May 19. Followers of Christ; examples to men. 1 Thes. 1: 6, 7.
 May 20. Topic—Serving by Example. 1 Tim. 4: 15, 16.

"Knowest thou what argument Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent?"

One evening, when Dr. Percy stopped for Dr. Johnson to take him to the home of Goldsmith for a call, he found this great man arrayed in a new suit of clothes and a well-powdered wig. After some comment upon this unusual tidiness, Johnson replied: "Why, sir, I hear that Goldsmith [who was a great sinner] justifies his disregard for cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example."

Invisible Hurts

If the exterior of men alone were affected by what they discern in others, the problem would not be so weighty. It is the hum within that makes the influence of example so serious. A profane father heard his little son indulge in oaths when in a fit of anger. Immediately he called the boy to account for it, and whipped him, all the while himself freely indulging in oaths. How terrible! Yes, but it is only a striking illustration of our own too frequent indulgence in the very offences which we roundly condemn in our associates.

Unconscious Helps

1. By the quiet, unpretentious, but noble life are we exalted.

"O friend, O brother, not in vain Thy life so calm and true, The silver dropping of the rain, The fall of summer dew!"

2. By the recollection of a pure character. A Polish prince was accustomed to carry the like-

ness of his father always in his bosom. When tempted to do wrong he would bring that face forth and view it, saying: "Let me do nothing unbecoming so worthy a father."

"Each sainted memory, Christlike, drives Some dark possession out."

3. By the courage of high ideals. "Don't you ever take wine?" said a social, friendly Bishop, as he pushed a glass of Madeira before his guest. "Are you afraid of it?" "No," replied the brave youth, "I am afraid of the example."

"From the white tents of the Crusaders The phantoms of glory are gone; But the zeal of the barefooted hermit In humanity's heart lives on."

Key Note

I am my brother's keeper, and as such it is my duty to keep him not only by what I say or do, but by what I am. It is for my life to sing so strongly and in such perfect tune that I may make for others

"Fragments of song float by Like flowers in the stream of summer Or stars in the midnight sky."

Cumulative Efforts

In physics there is an experiment called superposition of small motions. A bar of iron weighing over a hundred pounds is suspended in the air. Near it is a ball of cork weighing less than an ounce. This light cork ball, by repeated strokes upon the iron, finally causes the heavy bar to move powerfully from side to side. It was the many little efforts that produced the ultimate result. Such is our work in the moral world. By persistent little deeds we serve by example.

Norwich, Conn.

Brief Comment

The public press announces the close of the evangelistic services of Torrey and Alexander in Philadelphia, after three months' trial. In summing up results the executive committee reported that it had the names of 3,615 new church members. This did not include work done in West Philadelphia. Dr. Torrey announces that he proposes to establish his home in West Philadelphia. The revivalists will begin a series of meetings at once at Atlanta, Ga.

The *Springfield Republican*, in the following paragraph, helps to a realistic view of the effacement of San Francisco and all of its institutions: "It is not easy for us at a distance to realize how absolute was the overthrow of all that had been in the community life at San Francisco. The courts, for example, were absolutely wiped out, and late newspapers from that city report the first movement towards re-establishing them. The supreme court had just met, a week ago, in a Jewish synagogue on Sacramento and Webster Streets. It was then the intention of the superior court judges to first establish the police court and criminal departments of the superior court, in order to give law and order measures to the community."

In the prayers of men, women and children it is the unexpected that frequently happens. So was it in the case of the small boy who had been sent to bed for an exhibition of ugliness, with instructions to pray that he might

be a better boy in future. His mother stole to the door of his room, and this is the prayer she heard: "O Lord, please take away my bad temper, and while you are about it, please take mother's, too!" It is not so difficult to confess one's own sins if the confession may include a few shortcomings of one's neighbors also. And it is a fact that while the Lord is taking away our bad temper, He is perfectly willing to take away other people's spleen, too.

The following figures, sent out by J. B. Lewis, of the "Twentieth Century Pledge-signing Crusade," are striking and portentous:

"In the United States the consumption per capita of intoxicating drinks was, in 1830, 4 gallons; in 1880, 6 gallons; in 1873, 9 gallons; in 1884, 12 gallons; in 1904, 20 gallons—an increase of over 400 per cent. Since 1851 we have had twenty-two Prohibition States; one by one they have disappeared until but three remain. In the United States the money cost of drink for each minute is over \$2,800. Each six minutes there is born a sweet and innocent babe who is destined to fill a drunkard's grave. Who can compute the value of crushed hopes, broken hearts, and misery, which result from intoxicating drink?"

The value of the estate left by Whitehead, the inventor of the torpedo that bears his name, is said to be \$1,500,000. That is an immense sum to have been made from the manufacture of engines of destruction. But he who builds up moral values, and, by bringing gospel constructive forces to bear, adds to, rather than subtracts from, the sum total of the happiness of human society, will earn a reward in the next world which no arithmetic can appraise.

If Great Britain keeps its agreement with China made in 1898 and abandons its naval base at Wei hai wei, which it promised to hold only as long as Russia occupied Port Arthur, Germany will have no excuse to continue its occupation of Kiaochow. The withdrawal of these foreign encroachments upon Chinese territory will go far to placate a power which is rapidly awakening to dignity, unity, and progress. Our own relations with China will be sensibly improved by the reception which will be given to the forty picked students who will in a short time arrive in this country for instruction in our colleges. Their reception, if cordial, will remove distrust, and go far toward establishing friendly relations with the most powerful nation in the East.

A clergyman in London was visiting the shop of a Jewish furniture-dealer. The two men had a talk on religious matters, and then, as the minister was leaving, the Jew called out, in Hebrew: "Good-by. Peace be with you!"—using the pronoun in the plural number. "Why did you not use the singular?" the minister asked. "Who was the other man to whom you were wishing peace?" "Do you not know?" replied the Jew. "I said, 'Peace be unto you and to the angel over your shoulder.'" All poetry, thought the minister, has not gone out of London yet! Over the shoulder of every man there is an angel looking, while a Voice counsels him to do his best, not his worst. Happy the man who obeys the direction of that higher Companion!

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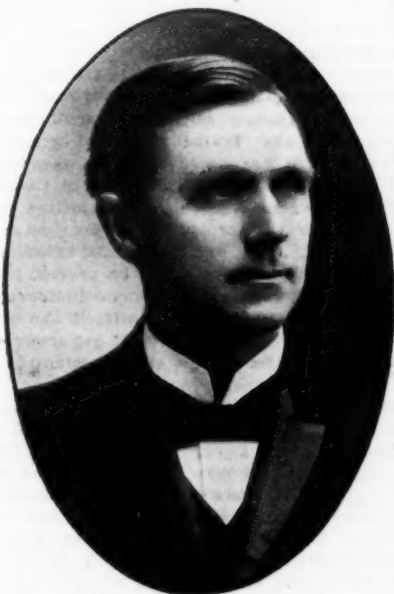
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SEND FOR CATALOGUE

General Conference, Church South

Continued from page 581

Drs. James H. Carlisle, and James A. Duncan, laid the foundations of the modern educational movement in the Southern Church. They saw with prophetic eye that the South could not be dominated by the men and women who were born within its parallels if education of the highest and most complete character was not popularized. It is not enough to educate the minority of a community, a commonwealth, or a republic. All of the people must be educated. And in the doing of this work in the South these wise Methodists had in their mind's eye the development of every



REV. DR. SETH WARD
Assistant Missionary Secretary of Church South

man and woman to their highest capacity. To this work they set their hand, and their sons and their daughters in the Methodist Israel have set themselves for the doing of the same work. A most casual study of the educational work in Southern Methodism convinces one that things are not now as they were.

Randolph Macon Collegiate System of Virginia, under the statesmanlike direction of Chancellor W. W. Smith, is taking rank with some of the best schools in the entire land.

Wofford College in South Carolina has taken upon itself a newness of life under the enthusiastic presidency of Dr. H. N. Snyder.

Central College in Missouri, under the safe and sagacious direction of Dr. Jos. C. Morris, has added in recent years to its endowment and equipment, and is a great factor in the Methodist life of the leading State of the Central West.

Vanderbilt University, the greatest of Methodist institutions in the South, has never commanded the support of the church to which it was entitled, but this apathy is being dissipated, to some extent at least, by the aggressive chancellorship of Dr. J. H. Kirkland. Too much of dependence upon the Vanderbilt millions has fettered Vanderbilt University in its great mission to the Southern people.

Trinity College, North Carolina, under the guidance of Dr. J. C. Kilgo, whose genius for bringing things to pass is known throughout the country, is perhaps the most striking illustration of prosperity among the Southern Methodist schools of higher learning. In 1894 Dr. Kilgo was made president of Trinity College. The student body numbered 123. He has increased it to 477. The endowment fund

has grown from \$2,200 to \$500,000. The number of buildings increased from 8 to 24. Dr. Kilgo's great success as a college president has given him prominence as a candidate for the bishopric.

Conference Opens at Birmingham

In the midst of the most propitious surroundings the General Conference of our sister Methodism was opened, May 3, in the handsome First Church of Birmingham, with Bishop A. W. Wilson, senior Bishop, presiding. About five hundred delegates and visitors were present. Bishop J. S. Key led in the opening prayer. Bishops Galloway, Hoss and Smith also took part in the devotional services. Dr. J. J. Tigert, editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was chosen



REV. JOHN J. TIGERT, D. D.
Editor *Methodist Quarterly Review* of Methodist Episcopal Church, South

unanimously as Conference secretary. The Address of the Bishops was read by Bishop Galloway of Mississippi. It bore the earmarks of the eloquent and catholic Mississippian.

A feature of the opening exercises was the presentation to Bishop Wilson, by Dr. J. W. Heldt, of Georgia, of a gavel made from the old oak tree under which John Wesley preached when a missionary to the colony of Georgia.

On fraternal correspondence and introductions, Rev. Drs. H. M. Du Bose and Collins Denny, Messrs. R. W. Millsop and H. N. Snyder, were appointed.

A feature of great interest both to the Conference and to the city is the forthcoming visit of Vice President Fairbanks, the lay fraternal delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is expected Friday of next week, and the Commercial Club of the city is arranging for a great gathering to which the public will be invited and at which Mr. Fairbanks will speak. A banquet will also be tendered him by fifty of the leading citizens of Birmingham.

The Bishops' Address abounded in statements worthy of prolonged thought and in a hopefulness of outlook which should cheer every Methodist's heart. We quote with some freedom from this great ecclesiastical paper:

EXCERPTS

"To meet the pressing needs and inevitable changes of the growing years, there must from time to time be readjustment of our ecclesiastical policy. We will not hold to a theory because it is old or continue a statute simply as a tribute of respect to the fathers."

"Efficiency is the test of value and the tenure of service."

"Not every change is a reform, and not all modifications are improvements."

"There has been substantial and gratifying progress in every well-organized department of our connectional service."

"Revivals have been gracious and widespread, attesting the old time power of the Gospel and the witnessing presence of the Holy Ghost. There have been signal victories all along our far flung battle line."

"In the home land and in the distant fields a cloud of glory has hovered over our heroic legions."

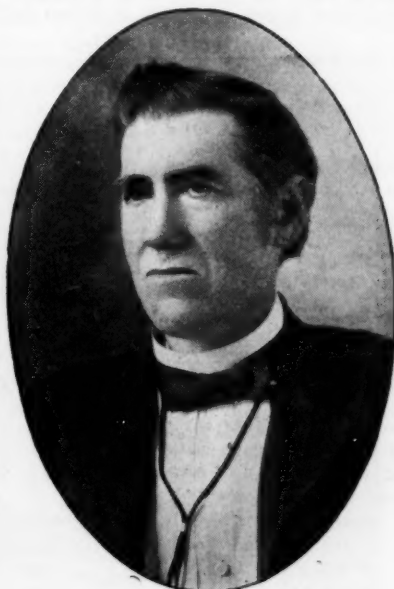
"We have every reason for devout thanksgiving."

"History is a mighty support to faith."

"Memory is an inspiration to spiritual courage."

"We may have looked forward with fear; we turn our eyes backward in perfect confidence."

"And when hope has found its fruition, when faith has suffered no disappointment, when



REV. DR. G. C. RANKIN
Editor *Texas Christian Advocate*, Dallas, Texas

Providence has been vindicated by the story of years, we enter upon a new quadrennium with steadier step and a firmer trust and higher courage."

"We have had peace in our Zion. Unity and harmony have prevailed throughout the entire connection. And we have possibly never known a period of more harmonious co-operation or ceaseless activity or aggressive enterprise."

"But while deeply grateful for so many tokens of Divine favor, and cheered by the gracious results of a really great quadrennium, the decreasing supply of ministers gives us grave concern and calls for importunate prayer. New fields are opening; new demands for ministerial service are multiplying; but the laborers are few and comparatively decreasing. All the Annual Conferences are in need of more and better men. This condition burdens the heart of sincere men — men who by nature and grace are ardent and enlightened optimists."

The Bishops recommend aggressive methods for the extension of the missionary work of the church. They urge missionary educational work which will secure the active co-operation of pastors, officials of Epworth Leagues and Sunday-schools; the formation of missionary study classes, and a wider circulation of missionary literature; the establishment of a department of Home and City Missions under the direction of the Board of Missions; and the union of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies.

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New Home for Deaconess Training School

THE 16th graduating exercises of the New England Deaconess Training School, on the 16th of May, will be an especially happy occasion, since they will mark the taking possession of the new permanent home for the school. The graduates, who are scattered through a score of countries and States, will rejoice as they hear that a teacher in the school, impressed by the need for permanency and by the wide usefulness of its graduates, tendered a gift of \$5,000, subject to annuity, and offered \$500 outright, conditional that such a property be secured. Others were so enthused by this offer that \$3,000 more was either given outright, or given subject

possible, providing the school its own home. It now possesses it at a nominal charge for interest, which will in time entirely disappear.

The church requires those entering the diaconate to pursue a special course of study, and schools for such work have been established from time to time by the Methodist Episcopal Church in various parts of the country. This will be seen to be fundamental to the very existence of deaconess work. They have been of great value in preparing women for work in foreign and home fields, aside from that of the diaconate. Permanently providing for a home for the school makes possible its



NEW DEACONESS TRAINING SCHOOL

to annuity. The corporation could hardly decline, had it been their disposition, to purchase the proposed property, illustrated herewith, in view of this generosity.

The location of the new school is diagonally across from the Hospital, at the corner of Bellevue and Park Sts., in Longwood. It contains over 23,000 feet of land, on which is a house of twenty rooms. The balance required to make the purchase has been advanced at a low rate of interest on the Association's notes. The corporation, in voting to make the purchase, also decided to raise the balance of the funds needed in either annuities, pledges or cash gifts, and towards this amount \$2,500 has been offered conditional on the remainder required being secured. The remainder (\$9,500) should be forthcoming at once, and there is great confidence that those who believe in deaconess work, and see the necessity of providing permanently for this Training School, will make up this sum.

The school for five years has occupied the house on the Hospital property, which must become the nurses' home when the new Hospital is occupied. Thus it became a question of either purchasing or renting a place for the school. In view of this, it seems providential that friends have recognized the need, and made this purchase

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enlargement, the widening of its scope, and the bettering of the quality of work, thus increasing its usefulness to the church.

Mr. T. A. Hildreth, corresponding secretary, or Mr. H. D. Degen, treasurer of the New England Deaconess Association, would be pleased to give any further information that may be desired, and they may be addressed at 87 Milk St., Boston.

N. E. Deaconess Aid Society

A delightful afternoon was made possible for the members and friends of the New England Deaconess Aid Society, when, on Monday, April 23, they were entertained by the ladies of the Malden Centre Church in their vestries. Invitations had been circulated through the churches of Greater Boston, that this gathering — the first of an entirely social nature — might bring together many women not previously identified with the Society. Despite the threatening weather, the number in attendance reached 150. The program of the afternoon, in charge of Miss Adelaide Black, of Malden, included first a reception. In the receiving line were Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Mann, president and vice-president of the D. A. S., Mrs. T. A. Hildreth, Miss Harding, superintendent of the Deaconess Training School, and three of the visiting deaconesses — Miss Passmore, Miss Chisholm, and Miss Jones. Interesting talks on the respective labors were given by Miss Passmore and Miss Jones. Mrs. George Law, treasurer, gave a very comprehensive account of the progress of the Society, making the gratifying statement that \$11,000 had been raised during the four years of its existence. An original story from the pen of Mrs. Calder, one of the prominent members, was read by Mrs. Page of Newtonville. The numbers were interspersed with violin and piano selections.

A bountiful luncheon was served from very taste fully decorated tables — and a genuinely social hour was enjoyed "over the teacups." A pri-

fusion of potted plants and cut flowers was a pleasing factor in the success of the occasion. Hearty thanks were accorded Mrs. Samuel R. Priest, through whose kindness the affair was planned, and to the many who assisted her in bringing the plans to such a successful issue.

S. GERTRUDE MAYO, Rec. Sec.

Deaconess Aid Society

The May meeting of the Deaconess Aid Society in the Committee Room, 36 Bromfield St., brought out a number of new delegates, and the same enthusiasm was manifested that has always been noted at these gatherings. Mrs. Patterson presided in her usual business like way. Prayer was offered by Miss Jennie Chisholm, the deaconess at St. Paul's, Lynn. The reports of the secretary and of the mite box agent were read. Requests for the mite boxes have been so numerous, that it was voted that 500 more of these successful little helpers in the cause be made for the society.

Miss S. Gertrude Mayo, the secretary, informed the gathering that it had been voted at the recent Malden Centre meeting to take some notice of the Training School graduation. Therefore, it was decided that a reception be given the graduates in Fremont St. Church on the evening of May 16. A committee was appointed for this reception, to provide refreshments, etc. It is hoped that all interested in the work of the school will be present to greet the graduates and cheer them on their way.

A vote of thanks was tendered the Malden Ladies' Aid Society for their generous entertainment of the Aid Society and friends.

It was also voted that a "cycle of time" social be held some time in June (the date to be announced later), at the residence of Mrs. Dr. Tuttle, in Hyde Park, to increase the interest in this special work. Mrs. Tuttle, Mrs. Noble and Mrs. Junt were chosen a committee.

Corresponding Secretary Hildreth spoke of the branch of the Deaconess Aid Society recently organized in Maine, which takes in the whole eastern part of the State. Mr. Hildreth said there are at present demands for deaconesses from twelve churches, which will be filled as soon as conditions will allow. The names of the officers of the new East Maine branch were read by the secretary.

Miss Chisholm very happily entertained and interested the Society with a number of pleasing incidents of her experiences in the fresh-air work and among the children. This devoted deaconess' talk thrilled her hearers with

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F. W. H.

Deaconess Doings

— Chicago deaconesses made 19,600 missionary and parish calls in their work last year.

— The Boston Deaconess Home and Training-school has sent five young women to foreign fields in the last five years.

— Grace Church, Chicago, has continuously supported a deaconess since the organization of deaconess work in 1837.

— Watts de Peyster Home for Invalid Children, Verbank, N. Y., cares for 29 of its 36 children free of charge.

— There are four deaconesses at work in the German Deaconess Home at Kansas City, Mo.

— The Deaconess Orphanage at Lake Bluff has had a happy, prosperous winter, with no serious illness among the children. Two young babies have recently been adopted into homes.

— Illinois Epworth Leagues have given within the last year, through their Mercy and Help Department, generous aid to the deaconess institutions of the State.

— The New England Deaconess Hospital, in Boston, has, in the ten years since its opening, cared for 1,763 patients. Work has begun on the new Hospital.

— Three deaconesses assist in the work of the Grand Central Bermondsey Mission, London, where 1,500 slum children under fifteen years of age attend the meetings.

— To have heard Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer's clear and inspiring talks on the Book of Job is considered an immense privilege by the senior class of the Chicago Training School.

— Martha Drummer, a colored deaconess graduate of the Bible and the nurses' courses of the Boston Training School, sailed for Africa in February, having been appointed to missionary work in Quessua, Angola.

— One of the recent gifts to the Chicago Deaconess Home is a quilt placed by an old lady in her ninetieth year. One block of the quilt was put together by an old gentleman who was more than eighty years of age.

— Through a generous endowment, the Presbyterian Deaconess Home and Training School in Baltimore is able in the beginning to offer free scholarships to young women desiring training to enter deaconess work.

— Agard Rest Home, Lake Bluff, Ill., will soon celebrate its liberation from debt by the ceremonious burning of its mortgage. It is now hoped to secure for the Home an endowment sufficient to meet the expense of caring for ill or aged deaconesses.

— In five weeks Isabelle Horton, in charge of Halsted St. Institutional Church, enrolled 45 signers to the Anti-Cigarette League, and received deposits amounting to \$28.82 in the Penny Savings Society from the children among whom she spends a large part of her time.

— "A foreign mission station in our own country," is the description given the work of deaconesses in Northern-Avenue district, Pueblo, Col. Classes of Japanese and Greeks meet for instruction three evenings a week. Special requests are made for Bible lessons and Christian teaching.

— "I am profoundly convinced that our work as deaconesses is not only among the poor and sick and old," says Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, in speaking of present-day deaconess work, "but to be a mighty factor in the spiritualization of our dear church; and the secret of our power is in keeping near to God."

— A deaconess nurse in Leon, Mexico, writes: "We hope soon to reopen our clinic, which has been closed for lack of funds. At present our work is mostly in the hospital and office. We can accommodate six patients in our woman's ward and three in private wards. Our office hours are busy ones, and we do a great deal of work for the better, class. The need here is great. I never before saw so much suffering and poverty."

W. H. M. S. Notes

— The Board of Trustees of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, at its quarterly meeting held in Cincinnati, April 25-27, ordered an appeal sent through the church press to all friends of the W. H. M. S., asking help for our stricken missions in San Francisco. Please note this appeal and act accordingly.

— In several cities the auxiliaries of the W. H. M. S. have united in a mass meeting for the benefit of the Silver Offering. There can be no question but that this is a wise movement, and the suggestion made by Mrs. Robinson in the June number of *Woman's Home Missions*, that this be done wherever practicable, is a good one. "Provoking one another to love and good works" is a Scriptural injunction, and Christian people should heed it.

— A picture postal-card used by Mrs. Anna Kent in the interests of her work in Albuquerque, N. M., gives a view of three girls on baking day, just taking the freshly baked loaves from the adobe oven. Catherine, who sits on the doorstep, holding a pan of beautiful looking loaves of bread, is one-half American. Rebecca, a full Mexican, and Lucinda, pure Spanish, are proudly exhibiting a large pan of delicious looking loaves. The picture is a whole story in itself.

— About sixty girls are now in Watts de Peyster Home, at Tivoli-on the Hudson. There are six workers in charge, and the home life is a beautiful one. During the past year twenty of the girls have united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Two prayer-meetings are held each Sunday night at the Home, one among the older, and the other among the younger girls. Girls of the Home lead the meetings, offer prayer, give testimony, and sing most sweetly.

— A missionary among the Mormons found a woman who had never heard a Christian ser-

mon. She said she had been in Utah fifty-three years, and had never heard anything but Mormonism, and when she heard the Gospel preached she said: "That is just what is needed around here." This is why the W. H. M. S. sends missionaries to Utah—to help build up in the small Mormon communities a constituency which will want to hear the Gospel. The pastors of our churches in these communities say that the work of our missionary teachers is most helpful to their work in the churches.

— "The most beautiful and wonderful thing I have seen since I left New York," said Mrs. Margaret Bottome, as she sat in the Oriental Home of the W. H. M. S. in San Francisco, and heard the children sing their Christian songs, repeat their Bible verses, and play their little duets and trios on the piano. But this "beautiful and wonderful thing" is no more. Destruction overtook it in the recent San Francisco disaster, and the dear children and young girls need our help even more than before. A new Home must be secured at the earliest day possible, and money donations for this purpose should be sent to Mrs. F. D. Bovard, 2800 Fulton St., Berkeley, Cal.

— It was at first believed that the Japanese Home under the care of the W. H. M. S., was also destroyed, but a letter from Dr. Smyth, in San Francisco, to the Missionary Society, states that the Japanese Home is standing, and that at the time of his writing it sheltered one hundred Japanese. If this be the case, it is occasion for great gratitude to God; but all friends of this beautiful work should remember that outside help must be given to enable it to go on with its beneficent work, since so large a part of the source of supplies is destroyed. Donations of money should be sent to Mrs. Bishop J. W. Hamilton, 435 Buchanan St., San Francisco, Cal., and supplies should go directly to the Japanese Woman's Home, 2025 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal.

No Alcohol

For a long time we have been firmly determined to produce all our medicines entirely free from alcohol, and thereby forever remove the very last objection that any one could possibly have to these superior remedies. These efforts have just resulted in the most complete victory, and hereafter all our medicines will be entirely free from alcohol in any form whatever.

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Each Fluid Ounce Represents

Sarsaparilla Root	10 Grains
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Senna Leaves	2 Grains
Black Cohosh Root	2 Grains
Stillingia Root	4 Grains
Poke Root	1 Grain
Cinchona Red Bark	2 Grains
Iodide of Potassium	4 Grains
Glycerine } Equal parts, sufficient to make	
Water } one fluid ounce.	

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Orange-peel	12 Grains
Glycerine } Equal parts, sufficient to make	
Water } one fluid ounce.	

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Each Fluid Ounce Represents

Wild Cherry	8 Grains
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Blood Root	2 Grains
Rio Ipecac	2 Grains
Citric Acid	2 Grains
Heroin	1-6 Grain
Glycerine } Equal parts, sufficient to make	
Water } one fluid ounce.	

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Each Pill Contains

Podophyllin	1-8 Grain
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Oil Peppermint	1-24 Grain
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THE CONFERENCES

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Boston Preachers' Meeting.—There will be no meeting next Monday, as the Evangelical Alliance holds its monthly meeting at Park St. Church, at 10.30. The speaker will be Rev. James H. Boyd, of Dublin, Ireland. On Monday, the 21st, Rev. Dr. Charles A. Crane, of People's Church, will speak on "Boston Affairs." The executive committee, recently elected, are: Revs. C. A. Crane, C. W. Holden and W. W. Guth.

Boston District

Allston.—The church here tendered a reception to the new pastor, Rev. J. Frank Chase, and family last Thursday. In line with the pastor and wife were Mr. and Mrs. Jos. S. Paine. Speeches of welcome were made by representatives of all the societies of the church—F. M. Macer for the official board, Mrs. J. S. Paine for Ladies' Aid Society, J. S. Paine for Sunday-school, F. A. Floyd for Epworth League, Mrs. E. M. Noyes for missionary interests. The pastor's wife rendered a solo and was presented with a bouquet on behalf of the Ladies' Aid by Miss Zaidée Godfrey. Mrs. Inez B. Ross presented flowers from the Epworth League to Mrs. Newell, mother of the pastor's wife. Rev. Mr. Haarvig, of Allston Congregational Church, voiced the welcome of sister churches, and Rev. Mr. Bainbridge, of the Hill Memorial Baptist Church, added words of welcome, to all of which the new pastor responded happily. Over 225 enjoyed the bountiful refreshments jointly served by all societies, after being presented to those in line by young people of the church serving as ushers—Albert Higgins, Paul Macfarlane, Albert G. Wolff, Ray Haggitt, Wm. Mitchell, A. Louise Williams, Zaidée Godfrey, Lottie Slater, Fanny Hubbard, Gertrude Cobb, Gertrude Floyd, Grace Floyd, Grace Bowser, Anna Hanson, Bertha Topham. J. S. Paine was master of ceremonies. A very hopeful and helpful spirit prevails in the church.

Jamaica Plain, St. Andrew's.—On Wednesday evening, May 2, a charming and enthusiastic reception was given the new pastor, Rev. Joseph Candlin, and his wife. Excellent solo singing and readings were greatly enjoyed. Greetings were extended by representatives of the official board, the Ladies' Aid, and the young people. Pastor and people are entering

hopefully and unitedly upon their work. St. Andrew's falls in line with the spirit of benevolence for the earthquake sufferers. On Sunday evening, April 29, after a very fine song service, there was a collection of \$24.

Cambridge District

Lowell, Worthen St.—Rev. E. P. Herrick writes: "The Lowell churches had contributed to the local fund for the San Francisco sufferers before the appeal came from the Bishops and the Boston Preachers' Meeting. St. Paul's (Rev. G. B. Dean, pastor) raised \$100; Worthen Street, \$50; Highlands (Rev. B. F. Kingsley, pastor), \$20."

Cambridge, Trinity Church.—Dr. O. S. Baketel, of New York, delighted every one on Sunday morning with a sermon from 2 Tim. 3: 15. His son, Mr. Leon Baketel, of Boston, rendered a solo, and the children's choir sang finely. Dr. Baketel presented the claims of the Sunday School Union and received a very good collection. Later he addressed the Sunday-school, interesting them in new lines of work. Dr. John D. Pickles also spoke on the lines of work that the Massachusetts Sunday school Association are following, urging better qualifications on the part of teachers. It was a day of special interest to the church and Sunday-school. Rev. F. M. Pickles, pastor.

Lynn District

Stoneham.—This church is enjoying a season of prosperity. Sunday, May 6, though a dark and stormy day—so dark that it was necessary to light the electric lights during the morning service—was a "red-letter day" for this church. The pastor, Rev. N. B. Fisk, received 2 young men on probation, baptized 6 young men and 1 woman, and received 24 from probation into full membership and 5 by letter, making 31 in all uniting with the church last Sunday. Three others whose probation had expired were to have been received, but were detained by illness. The church is greatly encouraged. Its financial outlook is 50 per cent. better than a year ago. This is the fiftieth anniversary of permanent Methodist preaching in Stoneham, and the pastor has suggested a "jubilee" and the lifting of the entire debt now resting upon the church. A committee has been appointed, and the work is under way. It will be accomplished. G. F. D.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Dover District

Chester.—Some time since, it was reported in these columns that two memorial lamps had been placed in the church at Chester by the family of the late Isaac Underhill. Only one of these lamps should have been so credited. The other was given by Mr. Albert Edwards, in memory of his departed wife. This correction is made in the interest of accuracy, and in view of the apostolic rule: "Honor to whom honor." The late pastor, Rev. E. H. Thrasher, at Auburn and Chester, was transferred at Lawrence to the New England Conference. Rev. C. M. Tibbatts has now taken up the work. His record at Hampton gives ample reason to expect good service in this new field.

Newmarket.—By the faithful service of Rev. Dr. C. D. Hills the past year a piano was added to the equipment of this church. He also secured generous additions to the Sunday-school library of useful books donated by First Church in Lynn at Dr. Hills' solicitation, in kindly recognition of his pastorate there. Some volumes were also secured for this purpose from personal friends. Rev. D. C. Babcock, still vigorous in body and mind, is now on the historic ground at Newmarket. May a good year follow, and this church, once so strong, take on fresh life.

Dover, St. John's.—The new minister, Rev. A. Justin Northrup, being not a little weary after his faithful service as host of the Conference, did not begin in his new field until April 29. Dr. Sanderson filled the desk at St. John's the first Sunday of this year. Mr. Northrup made a favorable impression at his first service. The outlook for the year is bright.

Rochester.—Rev. L. R. Danforth is still in charge. Some essential repairs on the outside of the church are in progress. Extensive interior improvements are to follow. A contract

Chronic Rheumatism Cured

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I have a secret cure for chronic rheumatism in all its forms. My secret remedy was found after suffering for years without relief, during which time I tried every known remedy for this agonizing disease. Much of the time I was so bad I could not walk without crutches. I cured myself and have cured thousands of others since, among them men and women who had suffered for thirty and forty years. If you have rheumatism in any form, let me send you a free trial package. Don't doubt, don't delay, but fill out free coupon below and mail today.

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JOHN A. SMITH, 3502 Gloria Building, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

I am a sufferer from rheumatism, and I want to be cured. If you will send me a trial package of your remedy by mail, free, I will give it a trial. My address is:

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State

for a new organ has been closed with the Estey Organ Company (price, \$3,000). Organ committee: Miss J. M. Hodgdon, the organist, Mrs. J. G. Coffin, the soprano, and Pastor Danforth. The organ is to be installed by the first of September.

Lawrence, Garden St.—Bishop Hamilton was expected to transfer some good man to serve this church. No announcement has yet reached this scribe. Dr. Carl, presiding elder of Concord District, preached the first Sunday, much to the pleasure of many friends. On the second Sunday the beloved veteran, Rev. Geo. W. Norris, was in charge of the services.

Newfields.—Mrs. Mary R. Pike, widow of Rev. James Pike, recently suffered a double fracture of her right wrist. It was her wish and purpose to avoid publicity. It proved vain. The news promptly appeared in a Boston daily. This notice of the case is simply to assure her many friends that this good woman, nearly 90 years young, is now quite comfortable. Her physician is much pleased with the favorable indications of successful recovery from the injury. Mother Pike has found the grace of her Lord sufficient. For life here, or in the city of God, she was ready. O. C.

Keep the Balance Up

It has been truthfully said that any disturbance of the even balance of health causes serious trouble. Nobody can be too careful to keep this balance up. When people begin to lose appetite, or to get tired easily, the least imprudence brings on sickness, weakness, or debility. The system needs a tonic, craves it, and should not be denied it; and the best tonic of which we have any knowledge is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What this medicine has done in keeping healthy people healthy, in keeping up the even balance of health, gives it the same distinction as a preventive that it enjoys as a cure. Its early use has illustrated the wisdom of the old saying that "a stitch in time saves nine." Take Hood's for appetite, strength and endurance.

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Appreciation of Bishop Neely

IN regard to Bishop Neely, the Andes Conference, at its recent session, took the following action:

"Our hearts are full of gratitude to God for the preservation of, and watchful care over, our beloved Bishop Neely in his long journeys and arduous labors during the past year in the administration of the affairs of our great church on this continent.

"Resolved, That we express to Bishop Neely our deep appreciation of his ability in administering the affairs of the Mission, his interest in all the departments of our work, and the unflinching kindness and courtesy which he has shown to us officially and personally.

"We pray that Divine care may attend him in the present year."

The Dry-Dock Dewey

AFTER experiencing half a hurricane in the Mediterranean, the dry dock Dewey has at last passed safely through the Suez Canal, in two days, under the convoy of the Canal tugs, the authorities preferring to use their own tow-boats for that operation. The buoys in the Canal were taken up temporarily, and steamers passing the other way were made to lie up along the bank, or to keep out of the Canal while the big dry-dock sailed serenely by. It was feared that the high winds prevailing over the low lands of Egypt might blow the dock against the bank of the Canal, but such trouble was not after all experienced. As the typhoon season is drawing near, the dry-dock may tie up at Aden for several months.

BANQUET AND MORTGAGE-BURNING. — There will be a banquet and mortgage burning at the Stanton Ave. Church, Dorchester, Thursday evening, May 17. All friends and former members are cordially invited to participate. Reception to the Bishop, presiding elder, and former pastors and their wives, at 6.30 o'clock. Banquet at 7.

L. A. NIES, Minister.

RECEPTION TO TRAINING SCHOOL GRADUATES. — The New England Deaconess Aid Society will tender a reception to the graduates of the Deaconess Training School, and the regular deaconesses, at the close of the exercises on Wednesday evening, May 16 in Tremont St. Church, to which every one is cordially invited. Miss Adelaide Slack and Miss Gertrude Mayo are the committee in charge, and those engaged as ushers will please report to them on that evening; while those who are to assist in the serving at the tables will please report to Mrs. R. S. Lambert, chairman of refreshment committee.

A. B. SLACK, Cor. Sec.

DEACONESS FRESH AIR WORK. — The New England Deaconess Association is in search of a location for the fresh air work for this season. Requirements: A large house accommodating fifty to sixty children — an old-fashioned farmhouse with large rooms and attic preferred. Must be within thirty miles of Boston on account of cost of transportation, and location on the line of the Boston & Albany is preferred. We desire to rent for this season, but if the right place is secured there is a prospect of buying later. Address all communications to the Deaconess Home, 793 Massachusetts Ave., Boston.

SUMMER HOME --- ASBURY GROVE

Fine cottage in good order, 7 rooms — parlor, dining-room 23 ft. long, kitchen, 4 bedrooms. Every room furnished, all ready to occupy for the summer. Nice piazzas, blinds, shades, and every window and door nicely screened. On high land. \$450 takes all. Owner, EDWARD S. CROCKETT, 6 Beacon St., Boston. Tel. Haymarket 690.

WANTED All-round Printer to work in small job office. Must be competent to take entire charge. Elderly man preferred. Address, stating wages expected, Box 184, Leominster, Mass.

CHURCH REGISTER

POST OFFICE ADDRESSES

Rev. Chas. B. Bromley, Cutler, Washington County, Maine.
Rev. Clinton E. Bromley, Lubec, Washington Co., Maine.

SPECIAL NOTICE. — Miss Clementina Butler will furnish information regarding expense of the Jubilee trip and the round-the-world trip, with time of sailing and routes, to those who apply (enclosing stamp). Address, Newton Centre, Mass.

COLLECTION PLATES WANTED. — Has any church some collection plates they do not need? Address, R. H. YOUNG, Griswold, Conn.

ATTENTION! AUXILIARY TREASURERS W. F. M. S. — After this date, send all moneys for the New England Conference treasurer to Mrs. Carrie K. Kellogg, at Egypt, Mass. This will be Mrs. Kellogg's address until Oct. 1.

AGGRESSIVE EVANGELISM — RALLY MEETINGS. — The commission on aggressive evangelism in the Vermont Conference has arranged for three rally meetings in the Conference, to be led by Rev. T. S. Henderson, D. D., of the New York East Conference: 1, Montpelier, May 13 and 14; 2, Lyndonville, May 15 and 16; 3, White River Junction, May 17 and 18. Mrs. Henderson will assist in the singing. It is hoped that every preacher in the Conference will attend at least one of these meetings. Let us pray earnestly that, as a Conference, we may get a grand start on the line of soul-saving.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

NOTICE. — The Evangelical Alliance of Boston and vicinity will meet on Monday, May 14, at 10.30 a. m., at Park St. Church, Boston. The speaker will be Rev. James H. Boyd, of Dublin, Ireland, his subject being, "Ireland's Ills: Their Cause and Cure."

SUPPLY WORK WANTED. — Rev. Fred B. Fisher, of Agra, India, a first-class preacher, desires to spend the summer near Boston. Communicate with Rev. Dillon Bronson, Brookline, or Rev. Fred B. Fisher, Muncie, Indiana.

CORNER-STONE LAYING. — The cornerstone laying of the William Butler Memorial Church at Shelburne Falls will occur Thursday evening, May 10. Presiding Elder Richardson officiating. Rev. Dr. Franklin Hamilton will deliver the address. An unsolicited subscription of \$5 has been made toward a memorial window to Mary Lyon, who was born in Shelburne Falls. President Mary E. Woolley heartily endorses the idea. Who will help?

T. C. MARTIN, Pastor.

COMMENCEMENT DEACONESS TRAINING SCHOOL AND HOSPITAL. — The 16th annual Commencement exercises of the Deaconess Bible Training School and Deaconess Hospital will be held in Tremont St. Church, Wednesday, May 16, at 7.30 p. m. Rev. Dr. John Reid Shannon will deliver the address. Following the exercises a reception will be given to the graduates in the vestry of the church by the ladies of the New England Deaconess Aid Society. A cordial invitation is extended to the public.

NOTICE TO FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — The endeavor of the Post Office Department to place our village (Kinsey, Ala.) on the "R. F. D. Route" is working havoc with our mail. We do not get half the mail we did formerly, and the dear old HERALD we get once a month. But hoping we may catch the eye of our brother preacher, we send the following: 1. We have received \$200 toward the \$50,000 endowment we are seeking, leaving us only \$49,800 more to get. 2. We hope to be North by May 20, and will be prepared to supply any pulpit in New England where we can present our

work and take a collection for the same. We do this without expense to church or preacher other than entertainment. 3. We want a live, earnest worker, male or female, to act as financial secretary for the Emeline S. Hamlen Industrial Home for Girls. Address,

(REV.) GEO. M. HAMLEN,
176 Winthrop St., Taunton, Mass.

URGENT NOTICE — RELIEF SUPPLIES. — Will all who are planning to send barrels and boxes of supplies to San Francisco for the relief of our Methodist people please communicate immediately with REV. FRANKLIN HAMILTON, 66 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, for information in regard to transportation. Measures are being taken to secure free transportation for all such supplies. It is imperative that full information be sent concerning number of articles, in order to secure space in the cars carrying the relief supplies.

BUREAU OF NEED AND SUPPLY. — Rev. T. C. Martin, of Shelburne Falls, has charge of this bureau. Hymnals, church cushions, communion services, settees, are needed. Can supply free, or for very small price, a large reed organ, fine chandelier and lamps. At any time during the Conference year, through correspondence with the above, let rich and poor meet together.



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No gumming to clog neck of bottle — No sediment — will not spoil nor discolor the finest papers. Full 2 oz. bottle retails at 5c., or sent by mail for 10c.; also half-pints, pints and quarts.

Le Page's Photo Paste,

2 oz. size retails 5c.; by mail, 10c.

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1 oz. bottle or tube, 10c.; by mail, 12c.

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EXCHANGE. — Pastors in Oklahoma, Wisconsin, Ohio, New York, New Jersey, Colorado, \$1,200 and house in each case, are open to exchange. We gather and supply information regarding exchange. Address

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A member of the Detroit Conference will be in Boston on Sunday, July 1, and will be able to supply a church on that date. Apply at once.
J. D., Care ZION'S HERALD.

Charming Cape Cod

This delightful section as a summer resort is described in an Announcement issued by co-operation of churches. Interested persons are asked to send postal card address for copy.

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THE CLAPLIN UNIVERSITY Quartet — Colored — that has charmed hundreds of audiences from Maine to California, will spend the summer in New England in the interests of the endowment fund of the University. Engagements are solicited from churches, Epworth Leagues, Conventions, etc. Address,

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OBITUARIES

Come near me, friend!
What is this feeling
That from my finger tips
Comes stealing?
And what this light
Encircling me?
A picture of eternity?
Alas! my breath!
I hear a sound as waters swelling:
The rapturous joy of heaven foretelling.
The light is gone, I cannot see;
I hear the Master calling me.
'Tis death, 'tis death!

— J. DARL HENDERSON, in *United Presbyterian*.

Spinney.— Mrs. Lucy Spinney, widow of Rev. J. S. Spinney, of the Vermont Conference, and the youngest daughter of Nathaniel and Elizabeth Campbell, died at her home in Northfield, Vt., Feb. 1, 1906, at the age of 83 years, 7 months, and 28 days.

She was born in Chelsea, Vt., Oct. 27, 1822. Her father died when she was a very small child, and the mother, with her family of small children, moved to Montpelier. Several years later the mother married a Mr. Fullerton who, with his new wife, settled in Waltsfield, where Mrs. Spinney spent her girlhood days and was educated in the public schools. In 1850 she was united in marriage with Mr. D. D. Martin, of Williamstown, who was a devoted Christian, loyal to all the principles of Methodism and active in every department of church work. He died in 1880, and in 1883 she was married to Rev. J. S. Spinney, who on Feb. 10, 1887, went home to dwell with his Lord.

Mrs. Spinney was converted in early life, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she remained a member to the day of her departure. When she was Mrs. Martin she entered heartily with her husband into the service of the Lord, both in the church and at their home. The people of God were her people, and ever found a hospitable welcome beneath her roof. Her home was always open to the Methodist preacher and his family, and the church in Williamstown, where she was for a long time a member, had her hearty support both by her labors and her money. She was liberal with her means, and contributed liberally to the support of the ministry and the various benevolent enterprises of the church. She gave quite generously to Montpelier Seminary, having given \$100 at one time and \$300 at another; and later she gave \$1,000, for which she was to receive a liberal interest during her natural life. During the last ten or twelve years of her life the poor appealed to her sympathy and won the larger part of her benevolent contributions. When she married Mr. Spinney he had taken a superannuated relation to Conference, so she never had the distinguished honor and the unqualified pleasure of being the mistress of a Methodist parsonage.

During the last few years of her life she suffered with a heart difficulty which deprived her from going into any public gathering, hence from attending the religious services of the church. A few days before she died, having rallied a little from a sinking spell which brought her so near the shores of the eternal, she said to her pastor: "I am ready to go. The future looks clear, and my Saviour is near. I feel that He is now waiting for me." She rallied a little from this, so that she could be bolstered up in bed; but on Feb. 1, late in the afternoon, she was taken ill again, and in a few hours of suffering her soul was kissed away to her Saviour whom she loved.

The funeral service was held on Monday afternoon at her home, conducted by the pastor, and her body was laid in Elmwood cemetery to await the resurrection of the just.

E. W. SHARP.

Gilbert.— Mrs. Lucretia Balfour Gilbert, oldest daughter of David and Elizabeth Balfour Calne, was born in St. Stephen, New Brunswick, April 3, 1825 and died in the faith of Christ, March 28, 1906, in the 81st year of her age, showing forth to the latest moment of her

earthly career the patience, courage and noble bearing of the devout Christian.

Mrs. Gilbert was a member of a family of nine children, all of whom have passed from this life, excepting a younger sister, Mrs. A. E. Morrill, of North Yarmouth, Me., who is the only surviving member of the family. During the last few years of life Mrs. Gilbert was called to pass through much testing, but in the midst of the furnace of affliction she was comforted and sustained by the presence of the Divine Comforter. Her husband passed from this life three months ago. Weakness and infirmity for the past few months prevented her attending the church services, in which she was deeply and loyally interested. She became a Christian early in life, being converted under the ministry of Rev. Abner P. Hillman, and immediately became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Orono, Me. Moving to Portland, Mrs. Gilbert became affiliated with Congress Street Church, and latterly with Clark Memorial Church, Woodfords.

Mrs. Gilbert was a lady of devout spirit, quiet, unassuming, always ready and willing to render any service in her power to the church she loved with an undivided affection. No worthy appeal ever reached her but she responded to it as though it were a joy and privilege to render some return to her Lord and Master. Her deep and abiding interest in the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies was shown in the substantial bequests to these causes, revealed in her last will and testament, and in the church she ardently loved by bequests to Clark Memorial and Washington Ave. Churches of Portland.

Her end came suddenly, but it was looked forward to and anticipated. To Mrs. Gilbert it was a day of coronation. No doubts or fearful forebodings assailed her. She simply waited for her Lord; and when her days were full and her task completed, she stepped into the chariot of God, and "was not," for God had taken her to Himself. Her life was such, and her faith so evident, that we may truly say she passed on "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection."

The funeral service was conducted by her pastor at the family residence, and the interment took place at Evergreen Cemetery.

GEORGE F. MILLWARD.

Wooley.— Susanna Wooley, widow of John Wooley, passed away from the home of her daughter, Mrs. John T. Knott, April 8, 1906, at Berkeley, R. I., in her 86th year.

She was born March 5, 1820, in Charlesworth, Derbyshire, England, and came to this country several years later. She resided in Berkeley nearly forty eight years. She was the mother of seven children, five of whom are living, and was one of the oldest and most respected residents in the town. She was received on probation in the Berkeley Methodist Episcopal Church, June 6, 1892, and joined in full, May 28, 1893. Her faithful and loving daughter watched over and cared for her mother night and day for years.

Mrs. Wooley was a person of piety. Her shining light was seen and felt. To live for Christ was her aim; to die was gain. She desired to be absent from the body that she might be present with the Lord.

Funeral services were held at the church, conducted by the pastor. Interment was made in Oak Cemetery, Pawtucket, R. I.

JAMES TREGASKIS.

Pope.— Mrs. Betsey Talbot Pope, whose death occurred in Brookline, Mass., April 8, 1906, aged 89 years, was for over a half century a loyal member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

She was the daughter of Hon. M. J. Talbot, of East Machias, Maine, one of the pioneer Methodists of that State. Despite strong Congregational influences about her, Mrs. Pope followed the convictions of her father, and during her long life her love and loyalty to the church of her choice never wavered. On coming to Boston to live, she united with Tremont Street Church, and was active in its work until she moved to Dorchester, where she was the prime mover in organizing a mission Sunday-

school and service which grew into the prosperous Howard Avenue Chapel, which became the nucleus of Baker Memorial Church. She was one of the original members of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and was its first secretary. Her zeal for the missionary cause was always warm.

Though for some years her delicate health prevented her from attending church or going from home, her interest in the world's work and her enjoyment of books and society was vital to the last. She was the centre of a large circle of friends, children and grandchildren, whose devotion testified to the rare attractiveness of her personality. Her long life of almost ninety years is a benediction and example to those who have come under its influence.

She leaves five children—Wm. J. Pope, Mrs. Austin Harris, Mrs. Wm. H. Hawley, Mrs. Geo. A. Salmon, and Miss Alice Pope—and a younger brother, Rev. M. J. Talbot, D. D., of Providence, R. I.

Townsend.— John Townsend passed into the unseen holies, Dec. 12, 1905, at the age of 73 years, 8 months, and 9 days.

He was a native of Malden, Mass. At the age of twenty-one years he was married to Miss May M. Stanhood, who survives him, together with three of their children—William A., of Oakland, Cal., Benjamin S., and Mrs. Charles Buck, of Worcester.

Mr. Townsend was for thirty years a member of Laurel St. Church, Worcester. Through many years he was a very effective class-leader, a man of profound religious experience, who carried his religion into the affairs of everyday life. He celebrated the 50th anniversary of his marriage in 1903.

Only one week before his departure from this life, his daughter, Mrs. Rose Fuller, passed before him into the better land. Both funeral addresses were delivered by Rev. H. H. Paine, of

Back of the lungs, heart, stomach, kidneys, liver and other organs of the body is a force that gives life and motion to these organs. This life current is the nerve force, or nerve fluid, that is sent out from the nerve cells of the brain and spinal cord through the nerves. When this nerve force is weak, the action of these organs is weak. Not one of them would be capable of motion without it, and the body is weak or strong, sick or well, in proportion to the supply of this nerve force. When this life current is weak, you feel tired, irritable, with nerves unstrung, and sleep impossible, have headache, neuralgia, backache, indigestion, stomach trouble, and so on, covering a long list of ailments. There is but one thing to do—restore the nerve force. This is what Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine does. It furnishes nourishment to the nerve cells; it builds up nerve tissue, it allays the nerve irritation, and adds strength and vigor to the nervous system, and thus restores power and energy to all the organs of the body. Nervine so seldom fails in cases of this kind, that druggists agree to, and do, refund the money if the first bottle does not benefit.

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W. A. WOOD.

Robins.—Wilbur Fisk Robins, who died at his home in Littleton, N. H., March 23, 1906, had been a resident of Littleton all his life. He was born Aug. 20, 1852, on Knoll farm, now owned by W. L. Lincoln Adams, of Montclair, N. J. His great-grandfather, Douglas Robins, came to Littleton with his son, Joseph, a boy of nineteen, from Chesterfield, N. H., in 1798, and settled on the farm which was held by the Robins family more than one hundred years. There his great-grandfather, Douglas, and grandfather, Joseph, died. There his father, Douglas, and he himself were born. He was the only brother of Rev. J. E. Robins, of Manchester.

As a boy, Wilbur worked on the farm and attended the district school. Later he attended the high school in the village and also Tilton Seminary and Wilbraham Academy. He was a faithful student, taking high rank in scholarship. In 1874 he formed a partnership with Dennis O. Wallace, purchasing the village bookstore. In 1878 he bought the drug-store in Union Block, where he carried on business until his death.

He married, Jan. 3, 1884, Minerva D. Beebe, then a school teacher, daughter of Rev. George Beebe, formerly pastor of the Methodist Church. He was a justice of the peace, as were his father and grandfather. He attended the Methodist church, serving as trustee for many years. He was an enthusiastic and devoted Mason. He was master of Burns lodge three years and commander of St. Gerard commandery two years. He had passed through all the degrees of this ancient order up to the 32d degree.

Mr. Robins inherited a strong physical constitution, but indoor life, with close confinement to business, gradually caused his vigorous strength to give way. For several years his friends sadly noticed that he was in failing health, but he would never admit that he was ill. By force of will he kept at his work until, a little more than a year ago, he closed his store and went home with feeble steps, never again to take up the active duties of life. Medical aid was secured, but came too late. Heroically he struggled for life, as life meant much to him. He loved his business, his home, his books, his friends. But doctor's skill and loving care could not keep back the destroyer, and at length life gave way.

Mr. Robins was a man of sound judgment and sterling integrity. He abhorred shams. He was sensitive, quick, and sometimes abrupt, but he was ever faithful to the right as he saw it. He never sought public office, and never was so happy as when in his own home among congenial friends.

On Sunday afternoon, after prayers at his residence, public services were held at the Methodist Church, under the direction of St. Gerard Commandery, Knights Templar, Rev. W. F. Ineson, his pastor, officiating. The casket and altar of the church were loaded with beautiful flowers, sweet tokens of love from the Grand Commandery of the State, St. Gerard Commandery of Littleton, and relatives and friends.

As the poor, worn-out body was laid to rest in the village cemetery, and the solemn words of committal were uttered, the crystal snows on Mt. Washington and Mt. Lafayette were resplendent in the sunlight, while the sun over Kilburn Crags smiled good-night near the home of his boyhood, whispering the promise of the morning.

EMERSON.

Brown.—Mrs. Mary S. Brown was born, May 27, 1832, and died, Feb. 19, 1906, in Henniker, N. H.

Her father and mother, Stephen and Eunice Newhall, were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Henniker. From childhood she was taught in the home and in the church and Sunday-school concerning the great things of God. Early in life she saw the blessedness and glory of Christ and His great salvation, and yielding her young heart to Him whose light it

is to reign, became a member of the church of her parents. Feb. 18, 1852, she was married to James B. Brown, who with his parents was a member of the same church. She and her husband were strong and devoted workers in the cause of Christ, he being an official member and for many years a teacher or superintendent of the Sunday-school. They also occupied a large place in the community, being prominent in the town, and were thoroughly alive to everything that had for its end the good of the people. Into this Christian home came three children, two of whom are living—Ida, in Henniker, and a member of the church of her parents and grandparents, and Moses J., of Spokane, Washington. Mr. Brown was called to his heavenly home, June 23, 1896, and nearly ten years later, Feb. 19, 1906, as the result of pneumonia, the wife and mother closed her eyes to the scenes of earth to join the redeemed above and to shout the praises of her God and Saviour.

Mrs. Brown's faculties were unimpaired. She was active, energetic, bright, knew her own mind, and could tell you immediately what she thought. She was sweet-spirited, sunny, full of good-will, careful of the feelings of others, and brought sunshine and good cheer to every one with whom she came in contact. She was constantly in the house of God. She impressed you as one upon whom the Master's hand had wrought until He had brought out in indescribable beauty and sweetness His own blessed image. She came to her grave "in a fallage, like a shock of corn cometh in his season."

The funeral was at the church, and the large numbers present testified to the large place she had won for herself in the hearts of the people.

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Editorial

Continued from page 585

goods. Minister Rockhill was quoted by the Bishop as saying that if the American Congress should make some slight concession to China in the exclusion laws, there would be no further danger of the boycott being again invoked. He expressed the fear, however, that if Congress adjourned without some action there might be another outbreak. Bishop Bashford said China was becoming civilized at a rapidity amounting to revolution, and was today where Japan was twenty years ago.

Nothing has given such unmistakable evidence of the deep rooted convictions of the American people concerning the sacredness of the marital relations as the treatment of Maxim Gorky, the Russian revolutionist, who brought to this country as a companion a woman who is not his legal wife. The people will have nothing to do with him or her. Boston honored itself in refusing to allow him to speak in Symphony Hall.

Certain changes were made in the appointments of the East Maine Conference after adjournment, which leaves the following plan in place of the arrangement published in last week's issue of the HERALD: Rockland District, North Waldoboro and Orff's Corner, supplied by H. W. Collins. Bucksport District, Gouldsboro and Prospect Harbor, supplied by N. F. Atwood; Cutler, supplied by Charles B. Bromley.

At the recent annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this State, Bishop Lawrence called attention to the low average of ministers' salaries in his diocese. He said: "Eliminating the forty whose salaries are \$2,000 or over, we find that the average salary of the rest (117 in number, or 74 per cent.) is but \$1,291.23." We fear that if one of our New England Conferences were investigated by way of comparison, the average ministerial income would be found much lower.

Admiral Dewey, whose victory in Manila Bay eight years ago gave us the Philippines, is strongly of the opinion that we ought to keep them. "There are those," he says, "who say that we should give up the Philippines; but I think that if we want the trade of the Pacific—and we certainly do want it—we must hold the Philippines. They are essential to our success in commerce in the Pacific, as we have them for a base, which is invaluable."

THE BISHOPS AT EVANSTON

"AMICUS."

NATURE smiles on the Bishops at Evanston. The first four days of the session have been perfect spring days. The trees are in their earliest leafage; the spring flowers inflame the greensward; the grey squirrels play frantically from tree to tree; robin, bluebird, thrush, vireo and song sparrow announce the dawn; the great lake tranquilly takes its color from the sky. Nothing but duty can keep the Bishops indoors.

All are here now who will be, namely, Bishops Andrews, Warren, Foss, Walden, Mallalieu, FitzGerald, Goodsell, McCabe, Hamilton, Moore, Cranston, Berry, Spellmeyer, McDowell, Bashford, Wilson. Of the Missionary Bishops there are present Hartzell, Oldham, Scott. Bishop Fowler, it is said, is unable to come, but is believed to be improving. Bishop Bashford, just from China, seems to be in excellent health. As they filed out of their room at adjournment it was noticed that all seemed well and vigorous. Notwithstanding the agony he must have endured in the first few days after the San Francisco earthquake, Bishop Hamilton looks very well. Bishop Scott seems to have suffered nothing from his considerable stay in malarial Liberia. Bishop Oldham appears well, but a friend reports him as saying that the Indian and Malaysian heats have tried him somewhat. The three superannuates present—Andrews, Walden, and Mallalieu—seem as vigorous as at any time within the last twenty years, and compel doubts as to the necessity for their superannuation.

The sessions are held in the lecture-room of First Church, Evanston. Your correspondent inspected the arrangements, and found every convenience for comfortable work, and touches of beauty with fern and palm. It fell to the lot of your resident Bishop Goodsell to preside at the opening session. It is only six years since he was the youngest, in years and in office. Now death and superannuation make him the fourth on the effective list.

In the absence of news of any important action at this early date, your readers may be interested in the attention paid the Bishops. An overwhelming reception was given them in the parlors of the great Auditorium Hotel. In addition to the Bishops, Governor Hanly of Indiana, a member of our church, was in the receiving line, as also Mayor Dunne and his wife, who are Roman Catholics. Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, the delegate from the British Wesleyan Conference to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, also received. He has a noble presence and a most genial manner. His wife was with him. Editor Thompson of the *Northwestern* is the president of the Social Union of Chicago, and headed the line with Bishop McDowell. The numbers who came to greet the Bishops were so great that the reception had to be abruptly ended, that the banquet might begin. People were there from Minnesota, West Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Indiana, Southern Illinois, and Ohio. The crowd could not pass in an hour and a half, though continually urged to hasten. At 7:30 all who had bought tickets were lifted to the ninth story to the great banquet room ablaze with light and glorious with palms and flowers. Six hundred sat down to a dinner excellent in quality and perfectly served. Brief speeches of fine quality were made by Bishops Spellmeyer and Mallalieu during the dinner.

This finished, all adjourned to the great Auditorium in which the General Conference met in 1900, and found it full; not less than four thousand were in the house. The robed choir of Grace Church was on the

platform. As the Bishops entered they were greeted with hearty applause. Governor Hanly presided, opening with a warm felicitous and Methodist speech. After a fine rendering of the Hallelujah Chorus, Bishop Warren spoke in his lofty and inspiring way. Then came Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, the delegate from England, who proved himself an elegant, enthusiastic and rousing speaker, eliciting the hearty amens and loud applause of the great audience when he described the English Forward Movement as a movement backward to the life and spirit of early Methodism. His keynote was evangelism, pastoral evangelism, and he said that, owing to the return to the old spirit, the gain in membership this last year was the greatest in thirty years. He disclaimed any confidence in philanthropic methods or social machinery as substitutes for the rectification of society by the conversion of the individual man. He insisted that the changed man could alone vitalize philanthropic and social machinery. The whole address was a blessed mingling of culture and fervor.

Bishop McCabe made a characteristic speech on evangelism of the cities, equally mingling wisdom, wit, and warmth. No man in Methodism can as easily as he kill criticism by an irresistible personality. On the theme on which he spoke he had little temptation for Maccabean eccentricities, and the old soldier charmed, held and inspired his audience, and ceased speaking amid a roar of applause.

Bishop Bashford glowingly described the awakening of China, declaring that China had suddenly leaped to the place Japan held thirty years ago. He plead, to a wholly sympathetic audience, for justice to China and her population. He warned us that the foreign governments could no longer exploit her for their benefit, nor could we hope to increase our commerce while we neglected, rejected and oppressed Chinese citizens.

Bishop McDowell spoke for Chicago and city work with tact, delicacy, strength, and great personal charm. Every one says he has reached commanding influence already, and is an indelitable worker.

Thus closed a gathering reported at full length in the chief Chicago papers as inspiring in the highest degree, and one of the greatest religious demonstrations in the life of the city.

In the inability of your correspondent to gather news of episcopal action, as they report their work yet as merely beginnings, he has talked with ministers and laymen as to the Chicago outlook for our church. The news is most inspiring. Plans for evangelism covering the whole city are made. Money is raised to carry on the work, and individual churches are already on fire. Adjacent Conferences report wonderful results, one having ten thousand probationers. Nothing in Mr. Young's speech was more warmly assented to than the statement that English Wesleyanism up to ten years ago was busy in making itself well ordered and respectable, and that in proportion as they consciously aimed at this, they lost self-forgetfulness and therefore converting power. He said that God had brought them where they were letting respectability care for itself, and they were seeking souls. "Our best," he said, "our most cultured, are now preaching to the poorest and most ignorant in the great halls we have built in Manchester and London, and thousands gather where once only scores attended." I heard, sitting behind two Bishops, one of them say to the other: "When shall we be able to get our best to preach to the worst?" The other said, after a moment of hesitation: "God hasten the day when we shall have that, too!" "Amen!" said the other.